National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 39. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858. WHOLE NO. 923.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

Delivered in the Massachusetts Representatives' Hall, Friday Evening, Jan. 29, 1858.

[Phonographically reported by J. M. W. YERRINTON.]

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society: Mr. Remond, in looking down on this audience, spoke of it as composed of the representatives of Massachusetts. He did Massachusetts too much honour. I wish that it were indeed a fair representation of Massachusetts. Unfortunately, it is not. It is our work and our purpose in this and in all our meetings to raise Massachusetts to that level of intelligence and moral purpose that shall make such a meeting as this a fair representation of the old Commonwealth. It is the fairest representation of what ought to be the Legislature of the Commonwealth, in that it has just listened to the voice of a worthy representative of a race never permitted to speak in the Legislature that usually meets in this hall. It is an honour to us, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, that when we come into our Capitol—into *our* Capitol—the coloured man comes with us (applause). I understand that a gallant and learned member of the Legislature that meets in this hall sometimes, undertook to say, to day, that he did not like to have Disunionists come here. With due submission, Mr. President, to the gallant and learned member of the body that usually meets here, he does not own the State House (cheers). It belongs to me as well as to him. It belongs to the citizens of the State; it belongs to all worthy and law-abiding citizens, for their proper and ordinary purposes; and the Legislature that grants us this hall is no more than the guardian constable who keeps Faneuil Hall and opens its doors. I came here in virtue of no conditions of forbearance; I came here as a citizen of Massachusetts, just as much entitled to make these walls echo with the cry of Disunion as any other cry that can be raised by the craven spirit of an office-holder or a Democrat (loud applause). I address, indeed, what ought to be the representative body of Massachusetts; and I hope, when we have met a few years longer, that we shall make this properly a legislative body.

I remember—or rather, I have heard, for it was before I came upon the anti-slavery platform—what brought us first into this hall. It was the insult of Gov. Everett's recommendation that we should be sent to the State Prison; and the Commonwealth brought us here (applause). It was George Lunt's recommendation, from yonder Senate Chamber, that we should be indicted; and the result was, we occupied the Speaker's chair (renewed applause). It is the way in which anti-slavery has always taken its upward step—some inordinate manifestation of pro-slavery servility, that stirred for a while the dormant and sluggish courage of Massachusetts into an effort to open her eyes and recognise her true children.

My friend, Theodore Parker, ventured to fancy what would have been the emotions of a person standing in this desk on the 29th of January, 1850, and foreseeing, or prophesying, the existence of the Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas outrages, and the other enormities which he detailed. But, sir, suppose the Genius of Prophecy had lifted up the curtain of the future, and pointed out a sadder sight than that. Suppose she had said to some young, enthusiastic admirer of Massachusetts, some boy, who had been baptized in Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall patriotism—"Young man! you shall live five or seven years, and you shall see a Fugitive Slave bill passed—the most hideous statute ever placed on the law book of a so-called Christian State; you shall see it executed in forms the most insulting to the capital that spreads about you. You shall live to January 29, 1858, and you shall see seated in the Governor's chair of your Commonwealth a man who had the heartless effrontery to say to the merchants of New York (Republican as he was) that he had no quarrel with that very Fugitive Slave bill! You shall see worse than that. You shall see that very Republican party, that claims to bear up most honourably the banner of the Commonwealth, afraid either to repudiate the sentiment or to acknowledge it—smothering it, when the speech came to be printed in Massachusetts, by lumping it as a general assertion, that he 'had no quarrel with the Compromise Measures of 1850!'" It is a favourite project, this of concealing enormities by lumping them, especially with the Republican party, that undertakes to represent the anti-slavery of Massachusetts. My friend who occupied this desk so ably and worthily at first, told you the character of Fugitive-Slave-bill Mason. Do you know (at least, I have Senatorial authority for saying) that the very Legislature that meets in this hall, afraid to pay his bill at the Revere House for the wine on whose "Dutch courage" he insulted Massachusetts, *lumped it*, and paid it in the gross? Do you know that that very *uninvited* guest, who came to cram Virginia down the throat of Massachusetts on Bunker Hill, was paid for his visit by the State?—paid by men who dared not set it down in the records of the Commonwealth, as they dared not set down Mr. Speaker Banks's admission with regard to the Fugitive Slave bill in so many words, but *lumped* it in the mass—a favourite measure of this Republican body that owns Massachusetts!

The gallant and learned member from Newburyport undertook to say that we should soil this hall by discussing Disunion here. I think it would not be soiled by discussing a mere question of dollars and cents, when it touches so important a point of State self-respect as that. The two friends who have preceded me have exhausted, and very worthily and properly, their indignation upon South Carolina for the blow which was aimed at Charles Sumner. South Carolina did not strike Charles Sumner. This very State House struck him. It is an old maxim, as old as Machiavelli, that "power, safely defied, touches its downfall." When South Carolina took Samuel Hoar, the representative of Massachusetts, and mobbed him out of Charleston, and then, by legislative enactment, shut her door against a sister State, and has not heard as much as a lisp against such an atrocity, it was a fitting sequel to such an act, that she should strike your Senator in his chair. If Massachusetts does not know how to protect every one of her citizens, she must not expect any one of her citizens to be safe. The difficulty is, Massachusetts has never had any anti-slavery method; she has never listened, as she ought, to the recommendation of this anti-slavery society, which has always, as we think, offered her the true method.

The gallant and learned member was pleased to say that this Society dragged Massachusetts at its heels. I thank him for the compliment; it is very true. I am familiar with these balls when occupied by a very different body from ours; and I know we have never come here, except the last time, on a bootless errand. Everything we have ever asked of this body, but one, is now on its statute-book. Men say that this Anti-Slavery Society is not a practical body, that it is an abstract, fanatical, dreamy, mystical body. Mr. President, the statute-book tells a different story. The history of this Society is best written on the statute-book of Massachusetts, and that record is this. The first thing that this Society asked of Massachusetts was that she should acknowledge that slavery was a sin and a national weakness, and ought to be abolished. Massachusetts recorded her assent to that proposition, the groundwork of all anti-slavery effort. The next thing that this Society asked of Massachusetts was that she should take from the coloured race the stigma of that law, which had rested on them for a century and a half, prohibiting intermarriage between the races—a law which resulted, in numberless cases, in the most atrocious wrong, as every lawyer at the bar knew. The result of that request is written on your statute-book. The next piece of advice that this *practical* Society gave to Massachusetts was, "Open your cars, your public highways, to all races that inhabit the Commonwealth! Compel these State constituted corporations to do justice to the black man!" Every man that has travelled, as all of us have, in other States, and seen coloured men driven with contumely and violence from the railroad cars, will remember that to the remonstrances of the radical Abolitionists, the "fanatics" of the State, it is due that the cars of Massachusetts are free equally to all her citizens (applause). The next thing that this *practical* Society asked of the Massachusetts Legislature was that they would open the schools to the children of coloured parents; and that, too, was granted. The Personal Liberty bill grew out of the Latimer statute, passed on our petition.

Are not all these practical points—practical anti-slavery points? This Society gained its purpose on the whole of them. The last thing this Society, in a State capacity, has asked of this Legislature is to respect its own statutes, and make them respected by contumacious Judges of Probate. It is yet to be seen whether this Legislature has self-respect enough to take the advice of the "dreamers" of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and place its State sovereignty on a proper basis.

But I claim—yes, I claim it as the merit of the "dreamy," "unpractical," "abstract" Abolitionists of the State—that every practical measure which gilds your statute-book to-day originated in the wish and was bolstered up by the petitions of the Abolitionists of the State. I met a Republican leader in these very streets of Boston, after the election of Mr. Banks was proclaimed as certain, and asked him what he supposed would be the effect of the vote on Judge Loring. "We wait to know what you want us to do," he replied. Yes, we, the triumphant, palpable, State body, having just counted our votes, certain we shall sit in the Governor's chair in a month, we wait to know what you want us to do. That is, we, the State, organized, practical, successful politicians, who, if this judge be toppled out, as he deserves to be, mean to take a piece of laurel peculiarly green, put it in our caps, and go to Washington—we mean to place on the shoulders of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society the burden of bolstering them up with ten or fifteen thousand petitioners. The labour, the drudgery, the toil, is to come upon us to give them a pretence, a reason, an excuse, for doing their duty; and they never begin to do it until this outside pressure is brought to bear upon them.

I claim, therefore, that in respect to State sovereignty, this very body has been the practical Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and I claim, further, that if our wishes had been heeded, if the demands of these "unpractical" Abolitionists had been stereotyped into statutes, Charles Sumner would not walk, an invalid, in the streets of Boston to-day. We said, when Charleston mobbed our representative out of the city—"Mr. Hoar ought to be sent back to Charleston, and Massachusetts ought to claim of the General Government that her citizens shall be protected in every State of the Union." The answer of the politicians of that day was, "We don't know how it is to be done." We replied—"When your fathers did not know what was to be done in the quarrel betwixt them and the British Government, they went up Bunker Hill, and found out!" (Applause.) Until Massachusetts comes to some decision, until she comes to the decision that she will make a point somewhere, and refuse to submit, she will never do anything against the Slave Power. Suppose she had taken her stand then. Suppose she had said—"We send no Senator or Representative to Congress, we admit no Custom-house officer to our ports, until the rights of Massachusetts citizens are protected in the port of Charleston, South Carolina, as the Constitution guarantees them protection"—do you suppose the Slave Power would have gone any further? Suppose Massachusetts had done as John Quincy Adams advised when Texas was annexed—suppose she had said, "We will never come into that Senate-House as long as a Texan Senator sits there"—do you suppose the Slave Power would have gone on with the Compromise Measures, and the outrages in Kansas? Never! Suppose she should say now, "We do not recognise the Dred Scott decision as law, and we mean to place on the bench of this State such men as will trample it under foot, Union or No Union"—do you suppose the Lemmon case will go on, and be decided in the same tone? Never! As long as the North is of her present temper, and says, "Gentlemen, we will resist you, but when you carry your point, we will submit"; of course, they will carry every point they can. Where they cannot bully, they will buy. You know that, instead of eighty-seven thousand dollars, of which we bear so much just now, the Government at Washington has eighty-seven millions, and it can buy up Speakers *ad infinitum*. Of course, such a Government can. The only policy that will ever checkmate it is the policy that says, "Thus far, and no farther; *here* we stop!" There is a story told down on the Cape of a mate quarrelling with his captain, who said to him, "Go forward, sir, and take care of your part of the brig, and I'll take care of mine." The mate went forward, let go both anchors, then walked aft, touched his hat, and said he, "Captain Spooner, my part of the brig is anchored" (laughter and applause). When Massachusetts says, with regard to this constant drifting towards pro-slavery submission, "My part of the Union is anchored!" Buchanan will stop—not till then.

We propose, by the resolutions on our table, to ask of this Legislature something more than that they turn out Judge Loring; for we are not a body curious only about past events, we mean to be up to the level of the present hour. The policy of the South is to force a point, and when the fever-heat indignation of the North has reached 212 Fahrenheit, let loose some new atrocity, to make them forget the other. The reason why the exceedingly weak memory of Mr. Speaker Banks forgot the Fugitive Slave bill, and his quarrel with it, was because his vision was clouded and confused by the greater and fresher atrocities in Kansas. And even now, men's memories are so weak, I venture to predict, that in three years the seizure of Cuba, or the reopening of the African slave trade, will make Kansas an old story; and when we come together in 1860, if any speaker ventures to treat of Kansas, he will be thought trite and tedious, for he ought to be discussing the fresher atrocities of the day. We propose, therefore, to act upon the aggressive; and we call upon the Legislature to pass an act, that any one who comes into this State, bringing here a person with intent to hold him as a slave, even with his consent—and such he will bring, the moment the Supreme Court has passed its judgment in the Lemmon case—shall be subject to a thousand dollars fine, and imprisonment at least one year in the common jail (loud applause). And we propose to add, in order to meet such a case as that which recently transpired at Lawrence, we mean to ask (we "unpractical dreamers") that the Legislature will be kind enough to say that when a man brings into this Commonwealth a person hitherto held as a slave, he shall, before entering the State, record upon the records of the County Court of his place of residence, or, upon arriving here, in the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, a certified deed of emancipation, to inure to the benefit of such person, whenever such a one chooses to claim it. We will not only make the air of Massachusetts too pure for a slave to breathe, but, having once breathed it, it shall be on record in the Supreme Court, as evidence of his freedom (loud cheers).

Now, that is very practical legislation. No man can deny that it is within the recognised constitutional law of the nation. If the decision in the Lemmon case shall upset it, wait until it does; and when it does, let us have a Supreme Court that will, for once, undertake to assert Massachusetts law against it; and if the case goes against us, place it on record, as Alfieri said of his countrymen, that if Massachusetts is a slave, she is at least a rebellious slave to the very last. I want the history of unconstitutional aggression written on the records of the Supreme Court; and the last, the toughest, the most obstinate protestant against such aggression ought always be a Massachusetts man (applause). Mr. Parker well said that the most obstinate of the most obstinate Saxons was John Bull. Well, we are the nearest of blood to John Bull; we have got Bunker Hill in our very hands (cheers).

Mr. Parker said that Mr. Sumner was a nobler and more cultured spirit than either of the Adamses who preceded him in the Senate. [Mr. PARKER—As noble.] I care not to weigh carefully, with the apothecary's scruples, any words of praise to so dear and honoured a friend as the Senator from Massachusetts. No! But still, I cannot but remember that the political party with which he is connected has never, to my knowledge, begun to attack the slave system on the floor of Congress. This Anti-Slavery Society—it is not an Anti-Kansas Society; it is not a Territory Society; but an *Anti-Slavery* Society. We have clung with unintermitted tenacity to our original purpose—THE SLAVE. The Scotch huntsmen, you know, when the dogs, too earnest, follow the hot chase, and cannot be drawn off, drag a red herring across the field, and the whole pack lose the scent. So when the anti-slavery struggle began, we set out to reach the slave of the Carolinas. The Slave Power flung the red herring of the right of petition across our path. John Quincy Adams lost his scent; we did not, but still pointed to the slave in the District and in the Carolinas. Other men—the Liberty party, the Republican party—went off, first on the Territories, then on Kansas; we have clung to the slave. Outside of the State, we have clung to the great issue, the slave system; and inside the State, we have clung to the purpose of protecting our own coloured citizens. Why, no longer ago than when Anson Burlingame was a member of this very body, in the other wing, five citizens were sold for their jail fees in one of the ports of Texas. On the petition of the Abolitionists of the State, the Senate raised a committee to investigate the matter. What did they do? Nothing! Five citizens of Massachusetts have been sold for their jail fees in a port of Texas, and the State has not even protested against it. Caleb Cushing says that Massachusetts is despised by the other States of the Union. The other States of the Union have better reason to despise her than because her barren soil gave birth to Caleb Cushing! (Enthusiastic applause.) They have reason to despise us, when we see that we do not protect our own citizens. They have seen that Massachusetts may be safely defied, and that she dares not strike back. The Commonwealth that finds *one* of its own citizens, the meanest, sold in a port of a sister State, ought to wear sackcloth till it sends down its most honoured sons to bring him back, and place him on Bunker Hill; for in the meanest citizen of the Commonwealth, I see John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and every man who loves Massachusetts ought to see as good a name in the blackest and humblest man who takes the sacred protection of Massachusetts citizenship into a foreign port. I mean to deride, and rebuke, and criticise, and trample under foot, the gallant and learned members who insult Massachusetts by pretending to legislate for her, until they send a deputation down to Texas to bring back (if they can bring back nothing else) the bones, as repentant Florence tried to do for Dante, of those five citizens whom she left to be sold in Texas for their jail fees.

Mr. Chairman, I despise the Republican party (applause). I despise the Legislature; I would not sit in it. I would go back to those old times when the only honest party that ever illustrated the Commonwealth, the Federalists, shook the thunderbolt of Massachusetts' threats in the face of the Union, and compelled it to make peace. The day will come, if we are true to our function, when Massachusetts will show herself worthy of her ancient fame. That cod! [pointing to the venerable representative from the Grand Banks that hangs pendant opposite the Speaker's desk]—you ought to have a whipped spaniel here as the emblem of Massachusetts (laughter and applause). Mr. Hoar driven out of Charleston, Mr. Hubbard out of New Orleans, five men sold by the young, contemptible border-ruffians, that have too decent a name when you call them the *State* of Texas; and this is Massachusetts blood, Massachusetts rights, and we meet in a hall that ought to have rung with nothing else but legislation to aid them. I remember, when I had leisure to read history, that when the Long Parliament and its predecessor met in the presence of the first Charles, the first thing they did on assembling was to vindicate the rights of citizenship; and when the Stuart recommended them to waive these "abstract" questions, and proceed to the consideration of matters relating to finance and trade, they told the monarch that there was nothing for Parliament to do until they had protected the rights of the subject. I wish Massachusetts would take a leaf out of English history, and remember, that until a black man can stand in the streets of Charleston, and claim protection as a citizen of Massachusetts, as well as N. P. Banks, it is a shame for any man to live in the old Commonwealth, and not be an Abolitionist, a "fanatic," crying out, at the top of his lungs, until he wakens up from the dust of Bunker Hill, or the old Granary Burial Ground, somebody who is worthy of 1776 (applause).

I am glad we are here. It is possible that some of the echoes of our voices may last until to-morrow, and start the dormant Legislature that goes to sleep here day after day (cheers). Talk of Disunion!—we have not yet got to that. I want somebody on the floor of Congress to stand up and refuse to pay Judge McLean his salary for returning Margaret Garner, the noblest American woman that this generation has produced (loud applause). I want somebody to stand up, and instead of declaiming against governmental interference in Kansas, refuse to pay the bills. That is constitutional, and Yankee (laughter). I want Republicanism to begin its resistance to slavery by refusing to furnish it with the seven regiments it asks for; and when the bills come in, refuse to pay them, if they are voted over their heads. I don't care whether they succeed in checking the wheels of government or not; they may be in the minority, and be outvoted on every ballot; but I want them to begin! You remember Bailie Nicol Jarvie tells MacGregor, when they meet in the prison, that had it not been himself, he would have seized the best man in the Highlands. "You would have *tried*, cousin," replies the chieftain. I want the Republican party to *try*. I want to see the pluck of the blood-hound that at least *tries* to spring at the throat; and if it fails, I will give it credit for the attempt. Here is a party, with its representatives in both houses of Congress, and only once have they stopped the supplies, and then backed out of it. Even Governor Chase, of Ohio, proclaimed that act of stopping the supplies the boldest and most effectual act ever attempted in the history of the government. Then, again, I want them not to be led astray by the "red herring" of Kansas border-ruffianism; I want them always to keep in their desks the proposition for the abolition of slavery in the District. Yes, and if they believe the Constitution to be an anti-slavery instrument (as they say they do), then let them bring in a bill to abolish slavery in the Carolinas. Why don't they begin? Suppose you should elect Stephen A. Douglas as the candidate of the Republican party in 1860—and I suppose he will be their candidate, for it is out of such timber they are made. Douglas is elected—where does the Republican party stand, as an anti-slavery instrument? Just where Clarkson and Wilberforce stood in 1787. The question will then begin to be discussed, "Shall we inaugurate an effort for the abolition of slavery?" and they will go on twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty years, to discuss the slave question. The Republican party will have triumphed—triumphed for what? To defend a Territory that does not exist. Triumphed for what? For some political purpose. We are an *Anti-Slavery* Society. We have but two objects in the world. One is to make Massachusetts a decent State to live in, and to be buried in; and she never will be until Charles Remond shall be just as much protected as the most popular Mayor in the city of Boston. What are laws worth? They are only nuisances for popular men; they are only in their way. Government is a necessary nuisance—nothing else; and the more you can put it out of the way, the better. The only thing that justifies its existence is not the protection of the rich. Abbot Lawrence, honoured, respected, with troops of friends, his coffers running over with gold, he could protect himself. The white men you meet in churches do not need your protection. The men who need it are the hated, the despised, the trembling fugitives from another government; the men whom it is the interest of everybody to oppress. The law that protects them justifies its existence; the law that does not protect them is an unmitigated nuisance. The statute-book of Massachusetts that does not protect the rights of the coloured man is an unmitigated nuisance. The government that undertakes to exist, and does not mete out protection to every one of those from whom it claims allegiance, does not justify its existence in the sight of Heaven. I mean just what I say. I am using language justified by the severest and closest logic. I mean, with your coöperation, and that of the friends who gather in this hall, to make it possible for the blackest and newest fugitive from Carolina to walk up and down the streets of Boston, and write his name on his forehead! (Loud applause.)

Mr. Remond has told us that he knows a man in Salem who did not dare to write "Salem" after his name in a Southern city. I am ashamed to write "Boston" after mine, when I recall the past ten years of her history. I mean to labour until, when I make my tour through the States, I shall be proud to write the name of my city as large as John Hancock's, so that it can be read from Boston to New Orleans; but it will only be when the most hated, the most depressed, the newest fugitive from an oppressed race shall no sooner set his foot on Boston streets than he will kiss the very pavements that insure him protection (loud cheers). I do not think that much. The old Quakers who had a special and secret cellar at New Bedford in which to conceal the fugitive slaves who went there, were very good men in their way. I honour them; they did a noble work; but I think they did a half-way work. I want Massachusetts to send a message out all over the Union, that she is just that refuge. If she sits in that Congress, she sits there only to checkmate the Slave Power. She shall not be bribed by any tariff on cotton, by any increased duties on woollen; she shall not be bribed by any sort of trade or barter. She shall go there for one great purpose—to checkmate the Federal Government on this question, and advocate this with the mad, one-idea energy that becomes the State. Refuse every dollar to the Government; refuse every appointment to office, whether the man is a Clifford, knowing no law, or a Curtis, who has exhausted the learning of the law; vote nobody into office; let the machinery go to pieces; checkmate the Government; poverty is much more honest than wealth. This is what I claim as duty of the Anti-Slavery party. They have no right to strengthen the Slave Power, that is holding with one hand the newly grasped Territory of Mexico, and balancing the other to seize Cuba, and holding in its heart to reinstate the African slave trade. Everybody knows it. What is building up the Government? The politics of the Northern States. Now, our policy outside the State, I claim, is a practical, a constitutional policy—a policy this side of Disunion. It is, to use all constitutional measures to check the Government in its career; and it can be done. We want to educate the public mind up to this. There is my friend Parker's catalogue which he drew two years ago, and told us it would be made history ere long; it is done. He has given us another to-night; it will be history two years hence. But three years will run on, and this same party that is building up public opinion will be waiting for that opinion to grow. In the meantime, slavery has got Cuba and St. Domingo, it has put its hand on the whole territory of Mexico, it has girdled the Gulf with slave States, and, seated in the centre of the continent, it may laugh us to scorn. Why not say now, before she gets this power—"Gentlemen, you may admit Kansas, if you please, but we will not be admitted with her!" To-day, the New York *Tribune* is not discussing the question, "Shall Kansas be a slave State?" but whether she wants to be admitted as a slave State. The Republican party commenced (in the form of the Liberty party) with a single principle—"No new slave States." Where is it now? It is discussing the question whether Kansas wants to be admitted as a slave State. There has not been a line in *The Tribune* (the acknowledged representative of the Republican party) for a twelvemonth intimating a purpose to keep Kansas out, if she wants to come in as a slave State. A "red herring" with a vengeance! (Laughter.)

I want a voice from the Republican party, saying to the "Captain Spooner" on board the ship of State, "We have anchored our part of the ship" (applause). The North writes "Tariff"—"Internal Improvements"—"Woolen Trade"—"Senatorships"—"Office"—this, that, and the other; and the South scrawls "SLAVERY" over the whole. The South comes to us with one thing after another, and says, "If you don't do this thing, we will call you Disunionists." O, for the pluck of somebody to say, "Suppose you do!" (Loud cheers.) An old member from Bridgewater District, who, some thirty years ago, made an anti-slavery speech of extraordinary bitterness, was told by his neighbour, "If that sort of doctrine is preached to our slaves, they will rise and cut our throats." Lazily turning his head, he replied—"Why, in Heaven's name, shouldn't they?" (Laughter and applause.) I wish I knew the name of that man; I should like to vote for his son for Governor (laughter). That is exactly the spirit we want. The spirit that says—"I won't vote you a dollar." "You are a Disunionist!" "Very likely I am; but you shall not have the dollar." "I won't pay that Judge's salary." "You will dissolve the Union!" "Perhaps we shall; what of that? We stop just here! We have anchored our part of the brig; if you don't like it, try sailing with the other" (cheers). Only let *somebody* stop!

Pluck! O! if Emerson, who has described English pluck, could only import a specimen of it, and let us have a sample of it here in the old Bay State! The rough Puritan neck, the old spirit of the Cromwellian, that says—"A Massachusetts man, we don't care where he goes, carries the State with him, and he shall be protected. The man who has set his foot on Massachusetts soil, neither Dred Scott decisions, nor Lemmon cases, nor any number of pro-slavery judges at Washington can drag him back again!" I know that approaches Disunion; but we need it at home.

A *practical* body, this Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. It has written all its requests on the statute-book. You know what the coon said to Captain Scott: "If it is you, Captain John Scott, I will come down." The Legislature may just as well "come down!" (Applause.) This body will yet write the epitaph of a recreant Judge of Probate. This body will yet, over or through the Supreme Court bench, annihilate the Dred Scott decision. This body, over or through the Supreme Court bench of judges, will yet make Massachusetts too hot ground for the slave-hunter to tread. It is written on the graves at Plymouth; it is written in the dust of Bunker Hill; it is written in Sam Adams and John Hancock. Treason in the blood!—it will crop out in this generation. Mark my words! If you do not put it on the statute-book to-day, you will in time—those of you who belong to this Legislature that meets here to-morrow. We came here, and asked for the repeal of the marriage law, and they laughed at us: it is wiped off the statute-book. We came and asked that the rights of coloured men in the cars be secured to them. They laughed at us. Charles Francis Adams had a wiser prognostic, and he advised them to yield. They did. We came to ask for the rights of coloured children in the schools. A prominent Republican of the State, at the head of the Committee, said to me, "I know what you ask is law; but you shall not have it." It is on the statute-book! Well, we shall put several things more there (loud cheers).

LIFE ON THE PLANTATION.

BARBAROUS WHIPPING OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

From The St. Louis Evening News, Jan. 21.

YESTERDAY, in the Criminal Court, was concluded the trial of a case which, for wanton barbarity, has seldom been equalled in a civilized community. A number of witnesses were examined at great length, and we are able to give merely a narrative, extracted from their testimony. The charge was against Ludwig Peters, John Peters and Mary Peters, for barbarous and cruel treatment of a slave girl named Lucy, aged about 18 years, and who belongs to the parties. The circumstances, as detailed by the various witnesses, were as follows:

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a day in the latter part of last July, a party of ladies were assembled in the [illegible] room of Tabernacle Church, on Sixth street, a few doors north of Franklin avenue. Their attention was attracted by the sound of blows, which the ladies concluded were caused by some one whipping a horse. The blows were very violent, and continued for two hours without intermission. The sound of the blows was found to proceed from the basement of Peters's house, next door to the church. The witnesses named went to the fence and looked through the cracks, and there saw Mrs. Peters (a large and powerful woman), with a rawhide in her hand, lashing a naked girl, whose hands were tied behind her, and who was lying upon the ground. Mrs. Peters's foot was upon the girl's neck, and she was laying on the lashes with all her force. She then grew tired, and called her husband's brother, John Peters, and by her directions he whipped the girl in the same manner for nearly two hours. The witnesses stated that the stripes on her back could not be counted, they were so many, and that her back and shoulders were like a mass of raw flesh. The blood was streaming from her. She uttered no sound but a low moan, and they supposed from that circumstance that she was gagged. After the whipping ceased, John Peters stooped down to untie the girl's hands, and had great difficulty in doing so, because they were tied so tightly. The girl did not rise instantly, and appeared to be benumbed. Mr. Peters then commenced lashing her again, to make her rise quicker.

After receiving instructions from the Court, the Jury retired, and in a short time returned with a verdict of guilty against John Peters and Mary Peters, and sentenced them each to pay a fine of $1,000, and to be imprisoned in the county jail for one year—the highest penalty of the law. Motion for an arrest of judgment was made by defendants' counsel and overruled. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court, and the defendants recognised in the sum of $2,000 each for their appearance.

STILL FURTHER CRUELTY BY THE SAME PARTIES.—The St. Louis *Democrat* of Feb. 1, says:

On Saturday evening last, about eight o'clock, officer Quigley arrested on the levee, between Locust and Olive streets, a naked negro girl, about twenty years of age. Her appearance gave evidence that she had been badly beaten. Her back was covered with fresh and bloody stripes, into which salt and flour had been sprinkled to dry them up and prevent suppuration. The officer took her to the police office, where she was furnished with an old blanket to cover her nakedness and wounds. She belonged to Mrs. Peters, living on Sixth street, between Franklin avenue and Wash streets. She said she had been terribly whipped, and that she was trying to escape from her cruel mistress.

This is the same girl, we believe, whose brutal treatment was recently made the subject of judicial investigation before the Criminal Court of this city, which resulted in a verdict against Mr. and Mrs. Peters, of $1,000 fine and one year's imprisonment each, from which judgment they appealed, and are now under bonds of $2,000 each. Since that time they have continued to abuse the girl with as much barbarity as before. The neighbours say that to keep outsiders from witnessing further cruelties, the cracks of the fence surrounding the yard have been nailed up, and that the girl is now taken down into the cellar out of sight, where she is subjected to punishments and torments equal to any she has previously endured.

By some means she escaped the house, and was looking out, doubtless, for some chance to get across the river, when arrested. We understand from *The Anzieger* that some of our more benevolent Germans have taken the matter in hand, with the intention of raising the necessary money to purchase the poor creature from her present owners. Public opinion is said to be setting so strongly against them that they will be compelled to give her up, if her value in money is offered them.

WIFE POISONED BY HER HUSBAND'S NEGRO MISTRESS.

Great excitement exists in Henry County, Ky., in consequence of the poisoning of Mrs. Porter by a slave woman, who had long been on terms of intimacy with the husband. The *Shelby News* gives the following account of the affair:

On Thursday, 24th of December, the wife of Mr. Hous Porter died, three or four days after her accouchment, under circumstances which induced a strong suspicion that she was poisoned. An examination of the stomach was made, and strychnine found. A negro girl, about twenty years of age, belonging to Col. Ed. Smith, was arrested on suspicion, and tried on Tuesday, the 5th inst., when the following facts were elicited:

The accused was put at some work at her master's, with other servants, on the morning of the murder, who testify that she left at work, and went over to Porter's as soon as they were sent out. She was met at Porter's by several neighbours, who had come in to see Mrs. P. It was mentioned as necessary that Mrs. P. should take a dose of oil or some other purgative; and one of the neighbours present promised to send her oil as soon as she returned home.

These neighbours left with Mr. Porter, no one remaining except the accused and an old hired servant man. The girl told Mrs. P. that she would go over to a certain family's near, where Dr. Bartlett was, and get a dose of medicine for her, and requested the old negro man to stay until she returned. After an absence of twenty or thirty minutes, the old negro testified that she returned with a vial in her hand, and passed into the house. The poison was administered then in water and sugar. The girl then started from the house, and met, a few hundred yards off, a little son of the lady who had been to see Mrs. P. that morning, with a bottle containing oil in his hand. The girl took the bottle and told the boy to hasten back, and tell his mother that Mrs. P. was very sick, and to come over directly. She then returned and set away the oil, when Mrs. Martin, a sister of Mrs. Porter's, stepped in.

After a few words, in which the taking of medicine was alluded to by both Mrs. P. and the negro, the latter was requested to go to the spring. Soon after she left, Mrs. P. remarked to her sister that she "felt very singular," and a moment after that "she believed the negro had given her something wrong in the medicine." Her pain and alarm increasing rapidly, she cried out: "That negro has poisoned me!" "O, Bet! she has killed me! I had a vial of strychnine taken out of my trunk a few days ago, and if I die, that girl has poisoned me!" Screams and spasms now succeeded until the negro returned. Miss M., alarmed, told her to "stay with Mrs. P. and she would jump on her horse and arouse the neighbours and get a doctor." The negro caught her by the dress, and, in an excited manner, told her "it was no use, all the doctors in the world couldn't save her." By the time she could reach the bed again, Mrs. P. was a corpse.

It was proven that the girl did not go to the neighbours, as she pretended, when she offered to get medicine from the doctor; also that a long continued and frequent intimacy existed between Porter and the negro girl.

The counsel for the accused having waived his right to introduce testimony in defence until the final trial, the girl was committed to answer the charge of murder at the April term of the Circuit Court.

Having been apprised of the certainty of her conviction and punishment, she has made a full confession, deeply implicating Porter, the husband of the deceased. She says that Porter has been trying to get her to kill Mrs. P. for several months, threatening to kill her if she did not; that P. told her that he would bear with it no longer if she did n't kill his wife; that that was the last time he would ask her; if she refused, he would cut her throat—or words to that effect. He gave her strychnine and told her how to use it; had nothing against Mrs. P., and believed she was a good woman, but she feared P. would kill her, and done it to save her life.

She says Porter came to see her, at her master's, on the night after the poisoning, and told her not to be uneasy; that the doctors were going to take the stomach out and send it to Louisville to be examined; but they would find no poison in it—it had lodged in her throat, and they never would find it. Other matters of minor interest were detailed in her confession.

It was shown that Porter bought strychnine last August—that he is dissolute and unrestrained in his morals; and, many other corroborating circumstances being brought to light, throwing suspicion on him, he was yesterday arrested and placed in confinement until Monday next, when he will pass an examining trial. Public opinion is very decided in the belief of Porter's guilt.

FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY.

From The Louisville Courier, Jan. 23.

A few days since, Mr. C. A Vancleave, a wealthy farmer of Marion County, corrected a negro woman for some offence. The husband of the slave, who was also owned by Vancleave, bearing of it, on Thursday addressed his master in an impudent manner concerning it, and finally raised an axe, threatening to split his head open. Vancleave sent for his son Henry, and Daniel Thompson, a neighbour, to assist him in stripping the black rascal for his misconduct. They came, and the negro was tied up, but afterward untied so as to take his coat off. The moment he was at liberty, he quickly drew a huge butcher's knife from his bosom, and, with a savage yell, rushed upon his young master Henry, and plunged it to the hilt in his breast. He then turned upon Thompson, and inflicted a terrible stab in his right side. After having thus satiated his deep vengeance in blood, he was secured without resistance and lodged in the County Jail at Lebanon. Henry Vancleave expired in a few minutes after the blow, and Thompson is in a critical condition from his wound. The murdered man leaves a young wife and child to lament his untimely death. When the facts became known in Lebanon, it was with great difficulty that the calm and law-abiding citizens could restrain the populace from lynching the murderer upon the spot.

KILLED BY HER SLAVE LUCY.

The Galveston (Texas) *News* of the 5th inst. has the following:

"On Sunday morning a cold-blooded murder was committed at the Columbia House in this city, the victim being Mrs. Dougherty, a young woman twenty-three years of age, the wife of the proprietor of the hotel, and the murderer her slave Lucy, a negress of 50 years. This servant was bought by Mr. Dougherty four or five weeks ago, and since that time has repeatedly run off and secreted herself for several days together, and while at work has been very impudent toward her master and mistress, and has showed a determination to act as rebellious as possible. A week before the murder, she suddenly disappeared, but was at last found under the house, and, when ordered out by her master, refused to come until he went in after her, when she darted out before him, and, catching up a billet of wood, struck at him a severe blow, which he fortunately warded off. She attempted to fire the house, and very nearly succeeded in burning it down. It was impossible to control her while she had the use of her limbs, and she was consequently put into the stocks every night during the last week. On Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, she was at work in the kitchen with two young German girls, preparing dinner, when Mrs. Dougherty entered and sent one of the girls (Ann Keise) up stairs to make the beds, and the other (Mary Keise) into the dining-room to attend the baby. As the latter went out, Lucy, the black woman, told her to shut the door, when she did, leaving Mrs. Dougherty and the servant alone. In a few minutes Lucy opened the door and called Mary back. A search was instituted, and the body of Mrs. Dougherty was found in the cistern. It appears that as soon as Lucy was left alone with her mistress an altercation arose, the woman seized the hatchet and struck two or three terrible blows upon the head of Mrs. Dougherty, causing death. She then dragged the body into the pump-room and thrust the body into the cistern. Two cuts were found on the head of the deceased, one above the left temple and the other on the skull, just above the centre of the forehead, and either sufficient to cause death. On one side of the neck was a spot having the appearance of a hard pressure of the thumb or fingers, as though she had been choked. Lucy was arrested and is in jail."

ANOTHER FACT FOR JUDGE TANEY.

From The Evening Post.

THE following article from a correspondent of a London paper, dated Paris, November 17, 1790, is both curious and instructive. It shows, at least, that the democracy of Lafayette, and of the politicians of that day with whom he sympathized and associated, was of a very different quality from that of our times. It shows, too, contrary to the declaration of Chief-Justice Taney, that negroes did have rights which white men then felt bound to respect. The Paris correspondent thus proceeds:

"In the Island of St. Domingo are thirty thousand free people, viz.: six thousand whites and twenty-four thousand people of colour, most of whom are negroes. The former, in the beginning of the new Constitution, called a meeting in the island, and, thinking it but just that they should be represented, sent their deputies to Paris, who were at length admitted into the Assembly here. In process of time the latter, viz. the free black people, called a meeting also,

to teach a girl certain trivial movements of the feet, hands and head, as to sell her, like a potter's vessel, to a vicious man, whose known purpose is to make her a "vessel of dishonour;" not so bad to teach a man quadrilles and cotillions as to forbid him to read the Bible, or even learn to read it.

I think, therefore, that if your book—"Duties of Masters"—be right in tacitly implying the propriety of slaveholding, *a fortiori*, my tract is right in implying the propriety of the dancing-master's occupation. If not, I beg you to show me *why not*.

"No action taken" on the tract, says the discourteous anonymous official of the Tract House, who returned it to me!

But it was written expressly that action might *be* taken on it; and I herewith return it to you with the request that, as Secretary, you will hand it to the Publishing Committee for their decision; and that, also as Secretary, you will inform me of its receipt, and of the Committee's decision respecting it, when that shall be made. Your friend and servant for the truth,

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

LAST NOTICE.

We have received from some of those persons who were in arrears for THE STANDARD a payment on account, with a request that the paper may not be discontinued, and a promise of payment in full at some future time. The request will be complied with for a limited period, in consideration of the "times," especially at the West, where in many localities, it is said, *money* is absolutely unknown. After the issue of this number of the paper, those who are still delinquent subscribers, and have neither paid nor even promised to pay anything, will be cut off. In due time, however, they will be waited upon by one of those gentlemen who make a business of collecting bills of their sort, and generally in some way succeed.

REPORT.

TWENTY-FOURTH
National Anti-Slavery Bazaar-Festival.

THE aim of this institution is at once moral, religious, political and financial; and all these twenty-four years it has been successful in no ordinary degree in its four-fold operation—raising money to educate and direct the public mind, and to stimulate and strengthen the public heart: till now our United States present a spectacle in striking contrast with that shocking criminality of calm satisfaction with which they held their enslaved millions at the beginning.

We owe to all who have cooperated with us, especially to those wisest heads and noblest hearts in Europe, who have so indefatigably aided us for so long in every way we have indicated, not only an expression of our undying gratitude so fervent and so deep that even without verbal expression it could not fail to be felt by them, but also a brief account of this last year's experience and results. And if to some we seem to be mainly repeating much that we have said in former years, we ask those few to pardon us for the sake of the many to whom the thoughts may be new. No persons, even in common circumstances, will find themselves speaking to the same auditory at the end of a quarter of a century, so many will be the listeners who fill the places of the distant and the dead. But ours have been those extraordinary circumstances which destroy life like battle; which ruin fortunes; which scatter families; which separate friends; which do all this by claiming devotedness or suggesting desertion, and by drawing from the friendly and sympathetic natures in the opposite camp fresh volunteers to fill the reduced ranks. To these last we have always, at all risk of repetition, addressed ourselves, for they are the stuff of which Abolitionists have always been made.

Financially speaking, this year's effort has resulted in complete success. The same stress of the times that lessened the receipts, removing in much greater proportion the obstacles, it has been, all things considered, far more practically and impressively successful than the effort of the preceding year. It is comparatively little that a Fair of the Church should receive $10,000 for the good work of educating orphans—a Fair for the blind the same sum for teaching the use of their remaining faculties to a hundred sightless ones—that Fairs for church-buildings and cemeteries should draw the same from those who are to worship in the one and to repose at death in the other. These good objects, requiring neither explanation nor instruction to recommend them, are obvious to the coldest hearts and to the narrowest minds. They neither excite prejudice nor offend selfishness, and merely appeal to the voluntary principle for ends already under the protection of individual interest, ecclesiastical patronage, and compulsory legislation.

But we have this year raised the sum of $3,500, at a moment of general bankruptcy and complete commercial prostration, for an object against which Church, State, and individual interests are yet arrayed; an object so great that out of a hundred persons, not two have the heads, and out of a thousand, not more than one has the heart to see and feel its full importance, or conceive of its collateral bearings, until it has done years' works of enlargement and instruction in each individual nature. For ourselves, we frankly acknowledge that we are *sure* new light is yet to break upon us out of this enterprise. The prophets of the future are the splendours of the past. We began by indulging our sensibilities over an individual slave; and still we follow Sterne's good counsel to present a single case, the better to awaken the first emotion of sympathy; comprehending, with Pitt and Walpole, that when we talk of millions, the size of the misery prevents the eye from seizing on its outlines till the heart has felt its acuteness.

But little by little our minds have been led by the sight of suffering to its cause, and enlarged by compassion to understand justice. We have begun a work for one race and one country, which we learn at length involves the well-being of all mankind. Our first thought was not to leave our own times worse than we found them; our last is, to lay aright the foundations of many generations. They must be laid in freedom; we must abolish slavery.

Our country is now so far behind the rest of the world! and very deep was our disappointment, coming into life as we did in the persuasion that she led the world's advance. We early resolved to change her position, in order to fit her for what she claimed.

With us here in America, no change without a change of mind; and therefore, like all other Americans, we suit our means to our ends, raising money to propagate principle.

We cannot, at this time, give a clearer account of our twenty-fourth financial effort, of 1857, than by summoning our friends in imagination, and leading them round the circle of ideas which would have been presented to their minds had they actually been with us on this occasion. It is not a mere ladies' fancy fair that we are describing to them; it is not a trade-sale—as so many have found out who came hoping to have obtained, in the anti-slavery ladies, merely factors furnished with the skill and taste to procure the pendant to some European object of *virtu*, which it would cost them much time and money to select in some foreign capital for themselves. But we are describing an influence of power so deeply to stir a careless heart as to unite it at once to the cause of freedom and humanity. How many have found, in this annual occasion, an opportunity for helpfulness in saving our own country and the world from that which hinders, defaces and destroys all that is good and beautiful in human nature—slavery; and the least of the harm done by that curse of the world is what it does to the slave. By him, imbruted and blighted, and, through the base determination for the sake of wealth and worldly aggrandizement, to keep him so, his master, North and South alike, became the Buccaneering President, the murder-loving Senator, the intriguing Representative, the false Governor, the bought-up Judge of a debased people.

And this influence which we have been describing, to which the good in our country ever join their own, is a most powerfully uniting one, drawing rank after rank of our people upward and onward, to cease only with the perfect union of the South to itself. There, as well as at the North, are clear heads and devoted hearts; with this advantage, that there, whoever will is freer to *make* free. Who doubts that Mr. Aiken of South Carolina may free his thousand-handed gang when he will? Our first thought in conjunction with this powerful influence of Freedom was, to do what Burke and all other thinking men, whether liberal or conservative, have ever felt to be so important—to bridge the present to the past by uniting to our own the sympathies of the preceding generation. Note one of the multitude of instances in the "Liberty Bell" of 1845, lying on the first table after entering the hall. It contains the counsels we sought of the venerable Clarkson for our Americans. It was of him that Mr. Garrison, the originator of the cause in the United States, and the founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society, sought and received, at the beginning, the blessing of a father in the cause—the blessing which rested on him to the last hour of the anti-slavery patriarch's life. This is what Clarkson said to us in 1845:

"This paper, which I wrote at your request, is in the form of a letter, addressed to the Christian and well-disposed citizens of the Northern States, on the subject of slavery. I think Mr. Garrison, if he approved it, might reprint it in his paper. I beg you would present my affectionate regards to Mr. Garrison. Our great cause is deeply indebted to him, for there was a time when it slept, and could not have been recovered unless he had kept the flame alive."

So thought the men and women of our earlier time. Not to cite the names of eminent men of other States and cities, we need but mention Judge Artemas Ward and John Quincy Adams, who steadily cooperated with us. We may here, with propriety, refer to the following letter, of which a lithographic *fac-simile* was one of the illustrations of this occasion:

QUINCY, 28 July, 1838.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., Boston—*Dear Sir:* I have received your kind invitation, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements of the Massachusetts State Anti-Slavery Society, to attend their celebration of the anniversary of the day upon which slavery was abolished in the colonial possessions of Great Britain.

It would give me pleasure to comply with this invitation; but my health is not firm; my voice has been affected by the intense heat of the season, and a multiplicity of applications from Societies, political and literary, to attend and address their meetings, have imposed upon me the necessity of pleading the privilege of my years, and declining them all.

I rejoice that the defence of human freedom is falling into younger and more vigorous hands. That in three score years from the day of the Declaration of Independence, its self-evident truths should be yet struggling for existence against the degeneracy of an age pampered with prosperity and languishing into servitude, is a melancholy truth, from which I should in vain attempt to shut my eyes. But the summons has gone forth. The youthful champions of the rights of human nature have buckled and are buckling on their armour, and the scourging overseer, and the lynching lawyer, and the servile sophist, and the faithless scribe, and the priestly parasite will vanish before them like Satan touched with the spear of Ithuriel. I live in the faith and hope of the progressive advancement of Christian Liberty, and expect to abide in the same till death. You have a glorious, though arduous, career before you, and it is among the consolations of my last days that I am able to cheer you in the pursuit, and exhort you to be steadfast and immovable in it. So you shall not fail, whatever may betide, to reap a rich reward, in the blessing of him that is ready to perish upon your soul. I am, dear sir,

Faithfully your friend and servant,

J. Q. ADAMS.

Remark, too, on the next table, how that Scottish sympathy which has so often upheld our cause, coming to us early from a preceding generation, is true to us to the last, by a little token which graces the collection sent from Edinburgh by our dear friends of the Wigham family. It is a crimson flower-wrought cushion,* with the following inscription:

WORKED BY
THE HONOURABLE MRS. ERSKINE OF MAR,
In her Seventy-Fourth Year.
A THANK-OFFERING FOR THE BLESSING OF SIGHT;
Three of the Mar Family having been Blind.

It was Mrs. ERSKINE'S voice that cheered us onwards from warm-hearted Scotland, when, in 1835, we had just learned by its loss the value of the Liberty which the nation had compromised away, when it allowed slavery in the new republic. Called into being by the word of Freedom, conceiving of Christianity and Liberty as one, the nation yet felt bound to return into slavery the fugitives whom it ought to have made free; to suppress every revolt against slavery springing from its own example, approved by its own feelings, and sanctioned by its own principles; and to maintain and perpetuate in the new republic a series of arrangements for converting it into an oligarchy of slaveholders. Ashamed of what they had reluctantly done, men kept and enjoined silence; and when our generation came upon the field, who have, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, fought the good anti-slavery battle, they found not only millions of slaves, but a land benumbed by bondage. Presidents and Governors, Senators and Judges, chiefs of parties and heads of Colleges were all dying in the self-imposed degradation of their quiet under the wrongs and insults of slavery. The slaveholders were strong enough in the silence of those purchased lips to make and unmake Presidents for the distribution to their creatures of the patronage of slavery through every town and village of the land. The Slave Power thus became strong enough to make congresses and legislatures; paying their Northern members for enacting slave laws, by commercial and corporate privileges that would speedily enrich them. It silenced the pulpit; made itself censor of the press; and, playing on the subdued community, dictated through its means the downward course of schools and colleges.

Things were at this pass in 1830, when he who is called in other lands our "great countryman, Garrison," took the initiative in that "new order of things" which had been merely shadowed forth by the founders of the Republic when they devised the national seal. He published *The Liberator* at his own cost and peril (and heavy with his whole life's fortunes they were)—instituted the American Anti-Slavery Society—gathered round it the best and bravest in his own and foreign lands, and, strong in resolution and self-sacrificing integrity, led them openly and boldly to the assault of the great wrong to which their contemporaries were bowing down, with a determination to right it, at whatever cost of fortune, friends or life.

It was at this moment that we felt bound by loyalty to our native land, by our religion, and by our self-respect, to give ourselves to what we at once recognised as the great battle of our generation. We saw that now, as in every true struggle with evil days, each true word must impoverish them that spoke it, and we accordingly bent a proportion of our exertions to the financial point, that types, paper and sustenance might not fail those who had shown themselves possessed of moral power to give the great word Freedom a fitting utterance. We saw that but for slavery our people would be united and happy, all their families enriched by industry, and all their children blessed with education, and our nation be an example to the world, and the glory of posterity; and, ever since that hour, in 1834, when the first of this series of annual anti-slavery opportunities was offered at 46 Washington street, Boston, producing $360 to the cause, we have found our idea growing stronger and stronger in the hearts of our countrymen.

"What would you have, foolish women?" they at first said, with insult and violence, as they strove to mob down the rising spirit of humanity. "The immediate abolition of slavery!" was our reply. And the word learned of Garrison sunk into the public heart like a spell.

"How are you going to do it?" was the jeering question of those who had forcibly driven us from our own dwellings for that word. "It is you who are going to do it, when you shall have felt the sin and dishonour of slavery as we feel them." The words were prophetic. These same men soon engaged in the struggle on the right side. The influence of conservatism for good which has flowed down from the beginning through successive generations, to remodel at need the forms of human society, and which reaches these times through the American Anti-Slavery Society as its fitting instrument, is now doing a mighty work in every State in this strange Union. Wounded and mangled by its divided life, our nation is attempting, like the fabled Zobak of oriental story, to strangle the serpents growing from its shoulders to devour its heart and brain. The intellect and the benevolence of Europe strengthening that of America, we gain perceptibly upon this monstrous and unnatural growth. We shall strangle the serpents, and save the State whose life they drain and devour. We have aroused the people to a sense of the desperation of their danger. They now begin to see, as we did, five and twenty years ago, the serpent stretching after new territories, enfolding the judicial tribunals, ravaging among the statesmen, paralyzing the clergy; and they will rise more and more strongly to the contest, till the whole world is engaged. Well is the need, when one of our widest ecclesiastical influences, the American Tract Society, has begun the work of paring down Bible history to accommodate Southern men, by publishing the story of Joseph without any mention of his being sold into slavery. What will our friends in Europe think of this—they who make Mrs. Stowe's "Two Altars" (her sketch of the contrast between free America of 1775 and slaveholding America of the present time) one of their religious tract publications? We hail our friends in Great Britain with a double joy as they come to our aid, for their every anti-slavery word and deed are an antidote to the poison of the American snake, which would devour their freedom and virtue, as well as that of the land out of which it springs. To France, too, in view of the late imperial and commercial slave trade which our country's condition suggests and makes practicable, we cry, "*Il y va de ta vie!*" The ground has changed under our feet. When we began, we said, Help us for the slave's sake. Now we say, Help us for your own. It is no longer his or our cause alone. It is the whole world's progress and safety that hang on the issue.

Let the whole world, then, cheer on and sustain its vanguard of American Abolitionists, as Mrs. Erskine and the ladies of Edinburgh have done, from the date of the following extracts, written in their behalf, in 1836, till the present hour of her thank-offering to the cause for the gift of clear sight during her life and times:

"With all our hearts and minds we wish you God-speed! We cheer you onwards by bidding you remember that you are engaged in the cause of humanity, of justice, of religion, of God. We have resolved to continue our labours, . . . to keep alive in this country the interest felt for yours. O that as nations we could mutually act as monitors to each other!"

We have already pointed out the gain of our agitation over apathy—the evidence of the strength of life victorious over death. Let us now note the proofs of its advance against slavery which are visible since Mrs. Erskine's voice first reached our post of danger and difficulty, surrounded by the misapprehension of ignorance and enmity, with its full measure of ridiculous contempt. Without ceasing to be dangerous and difficult, that spot has now become the post of honour. Statesmen and leading journalists at home, and travellers abroad, are trying painfully to prove that they have always occupied it, while proving, at the same time, how unjust and unsafe it would be to grant their claim, by the pertinacity with which they ignore the Abolitionists, the better to set aside the claims of the slave, when pecuniary or political interest demands. Yet they cannot choose but float with the tide our principles have raised, for great holders of Northern stocks now cry out to us, "Why did you not, long ago, instead of warning us of the sin of slavery, tell us that it was for our interest to roll its tide backward?" But they were then building their hopes upon Alabama land-speculations, and the like devices of slavery, all dependent upon its strong, quiet flow, disturbed only by our denunciations.* Had they *then* given us large means of implanting anti-slavery feeling and principle in the North, the flood of emigration to Kansas and elsewhere had been of a corresponding character, and her lands would have been of a hundred-fold value, and the American Government preserved from being, in 1858, a disgrace to modern civilization. It had been better for Northern men's fortunes, then, to have paid hundreds of thousands to Anti-Slavery Societies than to have concerned themselves with cotton. It were better for their future fortunes *now* to pay to the Anti-Slavery Society than either to the Emigration Society or to the bottomless pit of a political combination of which the nature is to make its candidates and its field of labour worse than it finds them. A word is all the wise need. It is not too late, if they are not too sluggish and selfish. As in business, so in Church and State, the CAUSE is seen to be the one great interest. In Massachusetts, all politics have turned on turning a selfish, unfeeling man out of an honourable office, from the hour he strove to serve slavery in a base one. And Massachusetts does but indicate the road the other States cannot choose but follow. The slaveholding Church is now understood. The withdrawal of a body of men and women like the Abolitionists has left her the laughing-stock of even the secular newspapers, and without a shadow of claim to be the Church of Christ. The colonization that occupies the public mind is not longer the colonization of the negro; *that* delusion fled before Garrison and Jay. The pro-slavery parties present but a series of dissolving views. The demon who directs them is engaged in the hopeless task of making ropes out of sand. Slaveholders can no longer stir up their mercenaries at the North against the Abolitionists by an outcry of infidelity, of which everybody has fathomed the purpose. Ministers, in proportion to their fidelity to our principles, become our brethren in the cause. Women, in the same measure as men, are now welcomed by the world to complete this work which it mobbed them for beginning. No teaching like the teaching of example. We have spent very few words on women's rights. It needed but to exorcise them to rouse up a host of eloquent advocates. "Wait till you see your neighbour's prodigal son lavishing or legislating away the portion of your daughter," is all we have ever needed to say to check the scoffing men of millions who feared (and justly) that in such a State as this, where only one word in the Constitution stands between, the fruit of women's action in the Anti-Slavery Society would be woman's participation in the Government. "It is easier to change many things than one," said the profound, observant Bacon; and we have always taken care to widen the public mind by the assurance that slavery will not fall alone. A thousand other wrongs and abuses will fall with it.

"The Christian life is a battle," say the great forefathers of our spirit, through Puritanism and the Reformation, back to Jewry. By *that* token, the Christian life of our times is the life of the Abolitionists. Let them still count their successes by the confusion in the enemy's camp—by the notched and broken arms—by the hopes and fortunes and lives thrown joyfully down to bridge the sacred way for coming generations!

Thus only shall they find all the elements made to work together. Thus only shall a great moral party be constituted, to mould the material and political interests aright—a party which shall constitute in reality what the pro-slavery Church and its parasite institutions were mistaken for, before the guilty secret of their enslaving masonry was divulged. With such a party preparing the way, our political principle of "No Union with Slaveholders" will soon be firmly implanted, and round *that* men may gather, without being, as now, subjected to the shameful alternative of perjury or cruelty—treachery to human institutions or to the human brotherhood—mental reservation and disgraceful shuffling, or risk of assassination.

O! terrible is this reign of cowardly self-interest in our Atlantic cities, which leaves them destitute of political leadership. More terrible this degradation of the public mind which makes such a reign possible for an hour. But a change is at hand, favoured alike by the American financial crisis and the Asiatic military convulsion. The East may not always be devoted to opium, nor the West to cotton. Let us, as those on the firmness of whose thought and purpose now depend the commercial and political welfare and honour of our country through many a coming crisis, in the face of our millions of enslaved producers of cotton, never yield a hair's breadth of our demand for the immediate abolition of slavery. The producer of cotton is fit and ready; it is the owner of the field who needs preparation—the very preparation of heart supplied by our continual demand. What an example is set us amid the leading minds of Great Britain!—those great and tender hearts, whom our religious political traffickers in human nature tell us hold the producers of coal in a worse than negro slavery. Let these unhappy slaveholders and their more unhappy Northern subalterns, as well as our friends in Europe, take note of the difference between the ties that bind the noble to his neighbours, under the laws of England, and the chain that links the American slaveholder to his slave, under the laws of the United States. To furnish both with the means of comparison, we send to one side of the Atlantic a supply of Stroud's Digest of the Slave Laws, and refer the other to the relations of the Marchioness of Londonderry with the industry of the County of Durham, where her strength is united with that of the free producers of coal, for education, for humanity, for safety—for every form of that great charity which "seeketh not her own." We have caused a sketch of those relations to be reprinted, for the benefit of that class of our Americans who mistake slaveholding for nobility. The reading of her speech (with that of Mr. Nicholson, one of the company), after the dinner at which she sat, at her own table, for communion of heart with three thousand invited guests, "because their welfare was necessary to her peace"; "because any calamity befalling them would break her heart"; "because they enabled her to contribute her part to the development of the commercial prosperity of the country"; "because she wished, in return, to devote to the care of their interests a woman's head and a woman's heart," will suggest to every one the value of such a woman's testimony to our cause. She has given it in the following letter:

SEAHAM.

TO MRS. CHAPMAN—*Madam:* I have been much pleased and gratified by your kind letter, and the receipt of the three volumes of the Liberty Bell, the perusal of which has greatly interested me, and for which I beg you to receive my best thanks. I fear you have formed too flattering an opinion of me from reading the account of my intercourse with the people I employ. Feeling deeply the responsibility of my position, presiding over great commercial concerns and numbers of people, I have endeavoured humbly to advise them on points connected with their welfare, and have endeavoured to make mutual good feeling a bond of union and interest. But I have not the least pretension to talent or literary capability. I regret, therefore, that it is wholly out of my power to advance your object, or do justice to the subject. It seems, however, to me that even if gifted ones were to write volumes, they could never surpass these glorious lines of Campbell:

"Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and Man the lord of all,
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil,
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould.
She bade no wretch his thankless labours urge,
Nor, trembling, take his pittance and the scourge,
No homeless Lybian on the stormy deep
To call upon his native land and weep."

Again thanking you for your kindness,
I remain, madam,
Your obliged and obedient
FRANCES ANNE VANE LONDONDERRY.

We have spoken of the corruption of Churches as exposing them to the ridicule of the secular newspapers. A pregnant proof of this was afforded in our list of books by the Bible and Book of Common Prayer of the American Episcopal Church. After daring to hold slaves in silence against the universal Christian conscience, the remonstrances of her own best members, and the testimony of leading prelates of the Church of England, she now exhibits herself, in these editions, in the attitude of falsifying the work of a great painter which rebukes her unfaithfulness. Having trampled under foot what she declares to be the image of God, she expurgates from her copy of a great religious picture the slave in supplication to the Redeemer for his freedom, which fixes attention, in the original, upon her sin. She blasphemes the name of Christ, by giving its sanction to the infidelity of her members: else it would hardly be worth mentioning that she disgraces Ary Scheffer by her influence for evil upon the booksellers who have used his name, while circulating a pro-slavery picture in hers and in the name of her Bishops, in connection with her most solemn services.

"But are you sure that the Northern Bishops, in whose name this caricature of Christianity has flooded the South, are aware of the use slavery is making of them?"

"Verily the wolf is in the fold and the shepherd does not know it!"

Is it for a moment to be supposed that if the Episcopal Church of the United States wished to abolish slavery, she could not lead the way? It is the will that is wanting. Let her members learn from the writer of the following letter the state of feeling that should ray out in their every act:

HALIFAX, Oct. 13, 1857.

MRS. CHAPMAN—*Dear Madam:* I fear you will have thought me tardy in acknowledging the beautiful book you sent me in acknowledgment of my cushion sent to the Boston Bazaar last year. I did not know, until it was far advanced, that sofa cushions were amongst the list of undesirable articles, and the "Liberty Bell" found me busy at work on a patched bed-quilt, which is now on its way to you.* I valued it at five pounds, but the Committee altered the price to six guineas. Should any purchaser think it worth either price, I shall be very well pleased. Whilst sitting at my work, I thought there must be as many stitches in my quilt as you have slaves in America, and I counted the stitches in one row and found them to be, on an average, twenty-five, and each square, having four sides, made one hundred; there are three squares in a box, and thirty-five boxes in width, and forty-two in length, so that it was a simple question in multiplication, the simple result of which is that there about twenty times as many slaves in America as there are stitches in my quilt; and when I thought of the helpless misery endured by every individual slave through a lifetime of unprotected bondage, and thought of the omniscient eye of a just and holy and righteous and merciful God, who looks down alike on the oppressor and the oppressed, I cannot express the appalling sensation which comes over me.

Oh that America would take warning by the fearful judgment of India! for although we have not the fearful guilt of enslaving our fellow-subjects there, yet we have in a great measure withheld from them God's holy word and gospel; Mammon has been the chief pursuit, and the poor heathen have been uncared for. We have had missionaries there, it is true, but they have been treated by the great majority much as the Abolitionists have been treated in America, and now God hath risen from his place to vindicate his own cause; and it seems as if our whole nation had suddenly been awakened to a sense of its guilt before God. Last Wednesday was a day of public humiliation and prayer, and I trust we shall from this time on be a reformed people. Contributions have been poured out for the relief of the survivors, but the dead, whether guilty or innocent, have gone to their last account. Oh that America would take warning! for if these things are done to the green tree, what shall be done to the dry?

One other thought suggested by my quilt I had almost forgotten. You will see that the *lights* and the *darks* and the *blacks* are all arranged so as to act, or rather harmonize, in concert; and so would the races, I doubt not; for our Heavenly Father made everything beautiful and good and equal; and when I remember God could in a moment, by his almighty power, reverse everything which is wrong and set it right, it is a lesson beyond my feeble comprehension; but I think that England is made an example of, that America may take warning; but I have never yet heard or seen any plan how the great difficulty of doing away with slavery could be accomplished. In our own case, we paid the money down, but we had not a quarter as many as America has. Now we have sometimes a national collection, and sometimes think we might have an European subscription, and make a sort of compromise with the Southern States, in which there are doubtless many slaveholders who would be thankful to be rid of so foul a name, and who could say, as our own Cowper said,

"I would much rather be myself the slave."

I sometimes think if a kind Christian letter were written, and a lithographed copy of it sent to each planter or slave-owner, requesting an answer from each, stating on what terms they would individually be willing to emancipate their slaves, perhaps out of the answers received some definite plan may be hit upon, so as to effect a revolution which would benefit all parties, and injure none.

I hope you will excuse this long letter. When an old woman has patched a quilt, she longs to tell some of the thoughts which occupied her mind during the progress of the work. Hoping that success will soon reward your efforts, believe me Yours, very truly,

MARGARET BRACKEN.

This welcome and most cheering letter suggests important thoughts. And, first, our slaveholders, however unprincely in their notions, represent themselves to be the princes of the country, and, therefore, no subscription, European or other, could buy out their claim. Unfounded as it is, it is not yet in the market. We see, by the disgraceful experience of well-nigh seventy years, what comes of any sort of compromise on this subject. It is a knowledge of the universal ill effect of such compromises that originated in morals the general principle of refusing to make them. Whatever right yields to wrong is just so much gain to wrong and loss to right. But a European-aid-subscription to carry on the *propaganda* of the American Anti-Slavery Society—to establish its press in every State, South as well as North (not by force, but by seeking in every one of them "who there is worthy and abiding there")—to strengthen and aid our members by thousands to preach the Gospel of Anti-Slavery for its own sake in all its purity, not weakened down to promote partisan or sectarian interests—to fight the slave's battle against the tyrant of the plantation, the Senate House and the Church, with those weapons of light and love which alone can save our land from its million multiplied curse—*this* sort of subscription—conveying the reprobation of slavery and the sympathetic public opinion of the world to the only effectual channel, under the direction of persons of unbounded allegiance to Liberty for twenty years, bound for its sake to be sacrificed—of persons who, unlike the pretenders that would yoke the cause to their own miserable interests, have nought to gain and all to lose but their magnificent object—this kind of subscription would indeed afford an assurance of the speedy extinction of slavery. Hear from Clarkson, in the address we have before alluded to, what a front is presented by the adverse ranks, and consider whether any other than such persons as these are likely to risk their elections, their chance of office under the next Administration, their chance of getting subscribers to their newspapers, their chance of ordination and settlement, their chance of manufacturing employment and mercantile success—briefly, *any* of their chances in life—by fighting in company with the American Anti-Slavery Society, where the battle joins. The second-rate, the third, fifth, tenth-rate, even to the despicable who make a prey of the cause while professing to love it, will all come lagging after their degree, as fast as first-rate men can make it for their interest to do it. But we say to Europe as to America—"Help thou our central battle!" Pay your subscriptions to FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 31 Hollis street—the same house that, in 1835, he offered, for the cause, to the fury of a city ruled by slaveholders. It has been the home of fugitive slaves ever since, as his fortune has been one main stay of the cause, and Mr. Jackson is also Treasurer of our Vigilance Committee. But five pounds paid over to him in the former capacity is worth in America a thousand paid to him in the latter. Having been, all these twenty-four years, his sub-treasurers for the American Anti-Slavery Society, we renewedly offer our aid in that capacity; and may the results of this year's financial campaign exceed those of the past a thousand fold!—and we promise our friend that a kind and Christian letter, agreeably to her suggestion, shall once again be sent to each individual slaveholder, though their gagging bills have empowered postmasters to open letters and parcels, that not a murmur against slavery may be allowed to transpire among their neighbours, the non-slaveholders of the South, while it goes on in all its miseries and horrors.

Would you know what these miseries and horrors are, in one of the border slave States, where they are "mild" (to use the word of men interested in their undisturbed continuance), subscribe for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD ($2 in America, 12*s.* in France, 12*s.* in England), the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and read the pathetic tale of the "Young Abolitionist." It is the essential life, the actual experience of heart, of one of our number, grandly endowed in mind and heart, who yet lives to serve the cause. May she live to see its triumph! What she has written respects a phase of the miseries and horrors of Southern life that does not come near enough to our hearts: the suffering, namely, of the young and the good slaveholders, held in bondage like very slaves by this frightful iniquity, who are feeling their way to freedom through obstacles as great and as painful as those that bar the way of the fugitive. Give us the means of putting them in a way to free their bondmen. It is *incomparably* better than to pay us money as a Vigilance Committee. The very pro-slavery community is so far wrought upon by the life Abolitionists have lived in it that it sends fugitive slaves off safely to the British dominions. Pay your subscriptions to us and those we represent, rather than to others, for the reason that we alone obey at once the holy Scripture which says, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee!" . . . . "in the gate" . . . "where it liketh them best!" putting in no demurrer of next year or next election, next Convocation, General Assembly, or Convention; but saying to every such device by which Slavery turns its treadmill, and keeps the clothes of its advocates, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" It is better, we have said, to save master and slave the trouble of the flight and the hunting, by acting through the master for the abolition of slavery by the emancipation of his slaves, and the reformation of his codes. Any one who had been present with us this year must have been rejoiced to see our cause so greatly strengthened from the South, in the person of an honoured associate who has overcome the difficulties that daunt alike nations, politicians and economists, timid good men and brutal sinners, when they take this subject in hand. She says:

"I signed and put on record a full deed of emancipation, and gave a copy of the same to each of the servants, and kept one myself. I have, by a simple act of justice, made them happy, and this makes me happy. Their gratitude and affection were touching. They covered me with glory and love—they clung to me and strewed my path with blessings, and baptized me afresh with tears."

We call with confidence upon every good heart, the wide world over, to help us to unite all the young and good of the South, slaveholders, non-slaveholders, and freedmen, in a sacred, invincible band; and out of their lips "shall be ordained strength to still the enemy and the avenger."

And let all who unite in an ANNUAL EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTION TO THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY remember that we are not asking it as a means of sparing our own fortunes. These are in use, or paid over, or lost in this cause. What we desire is the means of enlarging our operations, of adding to our instrumentalities, of carrying the cause into the Southern States in a way which has never been attempted, because, till now, neither the hour nor the men had come. Men were mad and malicious who said to us, twenty-five years ago, "Why do you not go to the South?" The opportunity then was, as it still is, at our own door, but we have followed as it opened, whithersoever it led, till now, when they cease to wish us hence, strengthened in their change of mind, it is well for us to go.

We have been led to speak of a European Subscription, by the terms of our friend's proposition; not because the plan is new, but for the sake of greatly extending it. And as we always have enjoyed the constant and continually increasing sympathy and support of friends abroad, we are sure we shall still do so, for the time and in the measure that the cause requires, and we remain its servants. But we assure our beloved European coadjutors that, from the moment we perceive the remotest chance that their contributions may become other than a stimulus to our own, they may depend on our being the first to suggest their discontinuance.

Time would fail us to carry our friends through the whole vista of this year's experience. We must not even attempt to describe all the beautiful and precious gifts which bind in one memory the household hearths of our own land with those of England and Scotland, of Ireland and Wales, and bring from the cities of France, the mountains of Switzerland, and the ruins of Italy, a blessing on America. We can but renew the expression of our thanks to each beloved name that graces our list of acknowledgments.

A special table of Italian art was wholly supplied by our dear friend Mrs. Stowe, who, with her family and friends, made it as productive to the cause by their personal aid at the time as by their previous generosity in furnishing it. The following letter will be everywhere read with deep interest and satisfaction:

LETTER FROM MRS. STOWE TO MRS. CHAPMAN.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 29th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND: In regard to those who contributed to help the Italian table.

Dr. Eddison, when in Rome, handed me $5, and little Mondo,* in Marseilles, collected 60 francs among his school-fellows. Five francs was given me by the school in the Foubourg St. Antoine, Paris, in a very affecting way. I visited the school in the morning, and, during recess, the little fellows, who have each of them two sous to buy their dinner, contributed, some of them half, and some the whole of it, to send to the poor American slave. It was entirely voluntary and unsolicited, and no particular appeal had been made to them on the subject.

Grant now that this can never reach them in any tangible form—grant that it was a wholly useless effort—is this generous impulse, this childish self-sacrifice of no account? I confess it rebukes the colder calculations of our wiser years. It is a tear of the French Child dropped on the chain of the African—powerless in itself, but precious in the eyes of God. As an appeal to HIS strength, it will not be in vain.

My daughters send you their love.

Ever affectionately yours, H. B. STOWE.

Valued and beautiful as were all the gifts to the cause, circumstances give to a few a special power over our hearts. One of these was the much coveted engraving sent by Mrs. Yates, of Liverpool—the Anglo-Saxon bearing the African to higher regions, now in the possession of Samuel May, Esq. The venerable James Ingbs, of Dumferline, who at the age of 94 cherishes his early visions for the cause of the world's freedom, and now sends that cause a gift of price because he thinks it may be his last, binds us thereby afresh to the resolutions of our youth. The children of the Belfast and Bristol schools, and the inmates of the Bristol blind asylum, will rejoice to learn that their good example has wrought upon the minds of children and others in America; and we were gratefully touched to observe the effect in a box of beautifully knitted infants' hosiery from the children of our own orphan asylum. It was also profoundly affecting to us to receive gifts from so many of the descendants of the earliest English Abolitionists; and we entreat the family of Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, the first Scottish advocate of immediate emancipation, to receive our thanks for their remembrances. We entreat also the granddaughter of William Smith, (the friend and supporter in Parliament of Wilberforce), to whose generosity and artistic power we owe the beautiful copy of Grenze (now in the possession of Miss Chapman, of Chauncy place), to accept the thanks of those she never beheld, for a gift that will never be forgotten. The splendid gift of Messrs. Naylor & Co., of Sheffield, through our valued friend and co-labourer in the cause, Edmund Benson, Esq., sent last year, but which arrived only in season for this, receives especial thanks for its rare perfection as well as its intrinsic value.

We entreat Madame Keller to convey to all her Swiss and French coadjutors the expression of what is felt by those whom they have so essentially aided in the service of the cause. Monsieur Labonchere's admired picture of the youth of Luther was the fitting emblem of the union of heart of Protestant France with Anti-Slavery America. Our French friends will be gratified to learn that the beautiful etagère that accompanied their choice contributions became the token of our new year's wishes to Mrs. Loring, our beloved and absent friend who took the initiative in the First Bazaar, with Mrs. Child.

We owe most especial gratitude and deep respect to our venerated and beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, who, at a moment most inconvenient to themselves and most indispensable to our preparations, placed their mansion in Franklin place at the disposition of the cause.

As reluctantly as if words could do justice to our feelings and our cause, we bring our report to a close. Can we do it better than with the iron hammer that came with the gifts from Scotland? "Strike off the chain!"

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE COMMITTEE.

MARY MAY, Hollis street, care of S. May, Esq., Boston.
LOUISA LORING, care E. G. Loring Esq., State st., Boston.
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, Brookline, Mass.
L. MARIA CHILD, care D. L. Child, Esq., Wayland, Mass.
HENRIETTA SARGENT, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
CAROLINE WESTON, 3 place de La Madeleine Paris.
HELEN E. GARRISON, care of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq., Dix Place, Boston.
ANNE WARREN WESTON, Rome, Italy.
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, care Hon. Jas. Robbins, Milton, Mass.
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, 20 Chauncy street, Boston.
ELIZA F. EDDY, care of Francis Jackson, Esq., 33 Hollis street, Boston.
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, care of Stephen S. Foster, Esq., Worcester, Mass.
ANNA SHAW GREENE, care of W. B. Greene, Esq., Hollis street, Boston.
SARAH RUSSELL MAY, Leicester, Mass.
LYDIA D. PARKER, care of Rev. Theodore Parker, Essex Place, Boston.
SARAH BLAKE SHAW, care of F. G. Shaw, Esq., North Shore, Staten Island, N. Y.
ELIZABETH GAY, care of S. H

KANSAS AND THE UNION.

THE Kansas battle is growing serious. Not in Kansas so much as in Congress. For it is there that the battle is to be joined and the victory declared on the one side or the other. The slaveholders are bringing out from their armory the weapons of their warfare which they have always found mighty to prevail in all former encounters with their Northern enemies, and which they have no reason to believe will fail them now. The old buggaboo of the Dissolution of the Union is brought forth from the crypt where it is ever kept ready to be produced upon the scene and is furbished up anew to meet the present distress. The pumpkin-head is made more terrible than ever, the farthing-candle is trimmed and lighted which is to send a gleam of horror through its eyeless sockets and its lantern jaws, the broom-stick on which it is to be mounted is longer and more threatening than ever, while the white sheet is disposed in ghostlier folds than those which frightened former Congressmen from their propriety. It has not yet raised its dreadful head in the House as openly as in the years of the Fugitive Slave Compromise and of the Repeal of the Missouri one, but fearful voices are scattered abroad, that it has been seen haunting the lobbies and threatening to make its appearance if the naughty children there do not pacify it by submitting to the good will and pleasure of those who hold this terrible engine in their hands.

It will probably serve its purpose without spreading dismay by its actual presence upon the floor of the House, and can then be restored to its depository to await the next emergency. The idea thrown out is that the slaveholders do not care much for the admission of Lecomptonized Kansas; that they had a little rather that she should be turned away in that disguise and sent home to put on more becoming raiment—home-made and not manufactured in Missouri. And this, that they may have an excuse for carrying into effect their long-cherished purpose of dissolving the Union and setting up a Southern Republic. Even so sensible a man as the Reporter for the *Daily Times* is, or seems to be, taken in by this bald artifice and to believe that there is something in it. Now, as the preservation of the Union is the first and most sacred of duties, to be performed at the sacrifice of all the rights which it was made to secure, of course so slight a concession as the delivering up of Kansas to Slavery is not to be refused as the price of the continuance of so vital a blessing. All that is necessary is to scare back to their duty the few Democrats who have fearful lookings towards their constituents at the next election; or to give them the occasion to make believe that they are scared, and the work is prosperously done. If this be not enough, a sufficient number of Republicans can be secured, by the same simulated terrorism, to carry whatever point of the game is now most material to its winning by the bullies of the National gaming-house.

But in case these scattered voices whispering in men's ears the fearful tale of the hobgoblin's approach should not suffice to bring the rebellious or the wavering to terms, the *ultima ratio* is to be brought to bear upon them. What cannon are to kings, revolvers, bowie-knives and bludgeons are to slaveholders. Last Saturday morning a specimen was furnished by way of sample of what was to be expected. It is very likely that Mr. Keitt, in the full flush of patriotism and of brandy, ran a little before he was seat, and opened his batteries a little before the word of command came down. Otherwise we cannot imagine that he would have permitted himself to be ignominiously knocked down in the house of his friends, and without the firing of a single shot. It is part of the tactics of the campaign to hold a pistol at the head, a bowie-knife at the throat or a bludgeon over the back of the Republicans and the Douglasites in the House. Not that the vision will necessarily be palpable to feeling or to sight, but it will be none the less a fatal one for all that—at least, if the Northern men have not waxed stronger in the region of the back-bone than their predecessors have shown themselves to be. It is very likely that the blundering of Keitt exploded the plot too soon; but it is one that has worked well in former times and probably will again. We shall have stirring scenes at Washington yet, unless they be anticipated by Mr. Buchanan's preventative—that of unqualified submission to all demands. We wish we could believe that he will not find patients as ready to gulp it down as he is to administer the bolus.

We do not believe that any sane man at Washington really thinks that the slaveholders have any thought of Dissolution. The idea is too preposterous to be received by any brain capable of putting causes and effects together. Why should they dissolve the Union—even supposing that they are defeated in their latest scheme? Are they to be supposed willing to dismiss the North from their service as they would send to a negro-pen a superannuated slave that was past labour? Whence comes the revenue that feeds fat their office-holding race, scattered over the Free States, as well as over Europe and their own soil? Who is to pay the Army and Navy that we maintain for their benefit—supposing them to carry with them those National arms of defence? Who is to keep their negroes in awe by the force of their arms and in subordination by their preaching of the gospel? Who is to catch and carry back their fugitive slaves? Can they do without General Scott and General Edmands, without Judge Kane and Judge Leavitt, without Commissioner Morton and Commissioner Loring, without Dr. Adams and Dr. Spring and Dr. Dewey? We have done everything they have ever asked us to do and given them all they have asked for. Texas, and New Mexico, and the Fugitive Slave law, and the whole North-West Territory, after being sealed against them for seventy years, they have it all. We have fought their battles, paid for their wars, caught their runaways, removed the ancient landmarks and defrayed almost the entire expenses of the Government they have directed, and yet they talk of kicking us out of the partnership! This is a little too much for an average Yankee to swallow, and yet it will be swallowed, or wry faces will be made as it were, and the result will be that they will have their own way this time also. And so they will when the Cuban Question, and the Nicaraguan, and the Mexican, and so forth to the Patagonian one, in the fulness of time.

And, really, it is hard to see why they should feel the defeat of the Lecompton Constitution so serious a calamity as to demand so serious a remedy as Dissolution. To be sure, it would be the breaking of the chain of victories which has been, thus far, absolutely intact and perfect. It would be a damaging of their *prestige* and of evil example to the Territories getting ready to knock at the door. But as far as the inhabitants of Kansas are to be judged by their professions or their actions, we should think they were no more dangerous than those of Illinois or Pennsylvania. They do not profess any hostility to slavery in the abstract. They object to its being forced upon them to the detriment of their corner-lots and the deterioration of their industries. They have shut and locked the door of their State in the face of the free coloured man. They disapprove of being kicked into having their pockets picked and the value of their lands filched from them. Only let them have their own way as to this matter of their own institutions and we will engage that they will give the slaveholders no trouble about theirs. Just bribe them with the fruits of their own industry and they will be quiet as lambs. What idea more ludicrous than that of Gen. Jim Lane being an Abolitionist? Neither he nor any of his followers, nor any of the Republican party that stands behind them, even pretend to the name. Contrariwise, they deny it, as Peter did his master, with imprecations. They go, not for black men, nor against slavery; but for the right of white men to say whether they will have slavery, as part of their polity, or not. We do not think the case, even in its worst phase, one that makes Dissolution advisable for the slaveholders.

We wish it were otherwise. We should look upon an earnest movement of the South to dissolve the Union as the most propitious event that has befallen on this Continent since the Declaration of Independence — as the most propitious one that could occur, except a resolute movement in the same direction by the North. But the first is impossible, and the second not yet. In the meantime, if the Kansas people are in earnest to secure what they want, they must put their trust in no men at Washington, by whatever name called. The first dragoon-saddle that they empty, if they have any such purpose of resistance as is attributed to them, will settle the whole question. The slaveholders themselves will interpose to adjust it, as soon as Northern resistance takes the shape of actual fighting. But we do not believe that it will ever come to the arbitrament of the sword. The compromising spirit which the Constitution of the country was made to create and foster will persuade them to submit to the present wrong in the hope of the future remedy—which will never come, except in the shape of Revolution, which will make it needless.

TO MRS. C— P—, OF IOWA,

With a copy of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PONDER the mighty truths here set before thee!
Watch the great battle from thy western home!
The import of these truths now gleameth o'er thee!
The echoes of the battle yet must come.

To thee! to me! to all who lift a standard
Graven with mottoes for the God of Right—
To all who, casting their clear glances landward,
Behold the horrid Juggernaut of Might.

O'er oceans, seas, thro' the dim mists of distance,
All see the woes the nations old inflict;
Each spirit rises with a proud resistance
When India's wrongs the sufferers depict.

But we, the young, once the glad hope of ages,
Where are we now? where lies our trampled trust?
Oh list the voice of Freedom's prescient sages,
See the clear halo crowning still the Just!

"The Just made perfect" may elude our seeking
While earthly fetters hold the soul in thrall;
But still an earnest, faithful few are speaking
The noble truths momentous unto all.

To thee! to me! to all! by voice or manner,
Each bears a standard, through youth's morning dew,
For infancy's unsullied, spotless banner
Is onward borne, to blazon False or True.

Then ponder the deep truths here set before thee!
Watch the great battle from thy western home!
The import of these truths now gleams before thee—
The issue of the battle yet must come!

Poughkeepsie, Jan., 1858. A. P. C.

THE KANSAS QUESTION IN CONGRESS.

TEMPORARY DEFEAT OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

In the Senate, the Lecompton Democracy were strong enough to refer the President's infamous Kansas Message to their partisan Territorial Committee, which will, in due time, submit a report in accordance with his recommendations in every particular. The attempt was made to give it a similar direction in the House, but the Douglas Democrats united with the Republicans, and, by a small majority, succeeded in referring the document to a Select Committee of thirteen, with instructions to investigate thoroughly all the circumstances relating to the attempt to fasten a slave Constitution upon the people of Kansas.

The motion to refer the message to the Territorial Committee was made by Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. This motion Mr. Harris, of Illinois (a Douglas Democrat), moved to amend by substituting the following resolution:

"That the message of the President, concerning the Constitution framed at Lecompton, in the Territory of Kansas, by a Convention of delegates thereof, and the papers accompanying the same, be referred to a Select Committee of Thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker.

"That said Committee be instructed to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of said Constitution and laws, if any, under which the same was originated, and whether such laws have been complied with and followed.

"Whether said Constitution provides for a republican form of government, and whether there are included within the proposed boundaries of Kansas sufficient population to be entitled to a Representative in this House, upon the basis now fixed by law, and whether said Constitution is acceptable and satisfactory to a majority of the legal voters of Kansas.

"Also, the number of votes cast, if any, and when, in favour of a Convention to form a Constitution, as aforesaid; and the places where they were cast, and the number cast at each place of voting and in each County in the Territory.

"The appointment of delegates to said Convention among different counties and election districts of said Territory, and the census or registration under which the same was made, and whether the same was just and fair, or in compliance with law.

The names of the delegates to said Convention, and the number of votes cast for each candidate for delegate, and the places where cast; and whether said Constitution received the votes of a majority of the delegates to said Convention.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory on the 21st of December last, for and against said Constitution, and for and against any parts or features thereof, and the number so cast at each place of voting in said Territory.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory on the 4th day of January last, for and against said Constitution, and for or against any parts or features thereof, and the number so cast at each place of voting in said Territory.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory on the day last named for any State and Legislative officers thereof, and the number so cast for each candidate for such offices, and the places where cast.

"That said Committee also ascertain, as nearly as possible, what portion, if any, of the votes so cast at any of the times and places aforesaid were fraudulent or illegal.

"Whether any portion, and if so, what portion, of the people of Kansas are in open rebellion against the laws of the country.

"And that said committee have power to send for persons and papers."

Upon the motion to adopt this resolution Mr. Harris demanded the previous question. The contest began on Friday, the 5th inst. The Lecompton Democracy, taken by surprise and fearing defeat if the question was pressed to a vote at once, commenced a system of legislative filibustering. Motions to adjourn, to excuse some members from voting, etc., were successively made and the time of the House occupied for hours in calling the yeas and nays. The session was thus prolonged all through the night till 5 1-2 o'clock Saturday morning, when the Lecomptonites proposed, if the majority would consent to adjourn till Monday, that the question should then be fairly taken without debate. This proposition was accepted by the Republicans and Douglas Democrats, and the House adjourned accordingly.

On Monday the House met at twelve o'clock in a state of great excitement. The galleries were crowded with spectators. Under the operation of the rules, the House had to vote first upon several preliminary points. First, the demand for the previous question must be seconded by a majority, and this was carried, 110 to 106. Then the main question was ordered to be put, 113 to 107. Next, according to the rules, was the proposition of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, to refer the message to the Territorial Committee. This was lost by only *one* majority—113 voting in the affirmative and 114 in the negative. One vote more would have made a tie, when the question would have been decided for the Administration by the casting vote of the Speaker. Then came the final struggle upon the adoption of Mr. Harris's resolution, which was carried by a vote of 114 to 111—3 majority.

The Northern Democrats who voted in favour of the resolution were: Haskin of N. Y.; Adrian of N. J.; Chapman, Dewart, Hickman, Jones and Montgomery of Pa.; Cockerill, Cox, Groesback, Hall and Lawrence of Ohio; Davis, English and Foley of Indiana; Harris, Marshall, Morris, Shaw and Smith of Illinois; McKibbin of California—21.

The Northern Democrats who voted against the resolution were: Arnold and Bishop of Connecticut; Searing, Taylor, Sickles, Kelly, Maclay, Cochrane, Ward, Russell, Corning and Hatch of New York; Huyler and Wortendyke of New Jersey; Florence, Landy, Phillips, Jones, Dimmock, White, Ahl and Gillis of Pa.; Pendleton, Miller and Burns of Ohio; Niblack, Hughes and Gregg of Indiana—28.

The only representatives of slave States that voted for the resolution were H. Winter Davis of Maryland (South American) and Blair (Republican) of Missouri.

The Committee had not been appointed as late as Wednesday. According to Parliamentary usage, it should be constituted of a majority in favour of the object sought by the resolution. We have little doubt, however, that it will be so constituted as to make the investigation as near a farce as possible, and ensure a report in favour of some pretence in the way of compromise, upon which the Administration can fall back in case of inability to execute their first design—a contingency, however, which we do not think will occur. The following are the latest despatches from Washington:

From The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1858.

The Secretary of the Interior received a letter from Gov. Denver yesterday, containing the affidavits of the three Judges of Election at Delaware Crossing, certifying that only 43 votes had been cast at that Precinct. Sec. Thompson sent for Gen. Calhoun and presented to his attention these facts, which could not be resisted or rebutted. As they decide the Legislature in favour of the Free State party, Calhoun is now determined to issue certificates accordingly, and justifies his refusal heretofore on the ground that fabricated reports had been made to him, and that the statement of one of the Judges, while in duress, was not entitled to consideration. It is represented that he has never yet seen the official returns, which are now in Lecompton.

Regarding the election of State officers, he proposes delivering the returns to the State Legislature, whenever assembled, to be proclaimed officially.

Calhoun had a correspondence with Douglas concerning his supposed imputations upon him in the course of the Senate debate; but, after a satisfactory explanation, called on Saturday, and went over all the questions, both personal and political, now involved.

From The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Feb. 9.

A double game is being played on the Kansas question. The President is constantly assuring the Northern Democrats privately that he knows the Free State Legislature to be returned elected. Calhoun, who ostentatiously declares that he has not seen the President, is constantly assuring the Southern men that in any event the Pro-Slavery men will have the control of the State.

The game of the Lecomptonites in the Senate is to stifle an investigation of the frauds, and so they voted down Douglas's resolution to day, lest it might be rendered impossible for anybody to countenance them. They are trying to keep the matter straight until they have got every Democrat committed that they possibly can; then, if it is found absolutely necessary in order to gain the measure in the Senate, Calhoun will return a Free State Legislature, although he has said that he would make no return until after Kansas shall have been admitted. But it is intended still to return the Pro-Slavery State Ticket, so that the Governor can veto any legislative act calling a new Convention.

Calhoun yesterday, in effect, proposed to return the Free State Legislature if Harris would withdraw his resolution, which he declined.

The Administration are bragging that the victory is in their hands. They believe that a little time and a judicious use of public patronage will yet retrieve their defeat.

A FIGHT IN CONGRESS.

ON last Saturday morning, about 4 o'clock (the House having been in session all night, and being in a state of great excitement), there was a fight on the floor, originating in the insolence and ruffianism of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, who, it will be remembered, was the confederate and aid of Brooks in his assault upon Senator Sumner. The best account of the affair that we have seen is that given by the correspondent of *The Times*, from which we copy as follows:

Mr. Grow, who is the recognised Republican leader in the House, went over to the Democratic side of the Hall to talk with Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania. As he turned to leave, Mr. Quitman rose and asked to make an explanation. Mr. Grow objected to any speeches which were out of order, and then started down the aisle with a view of returning to his own seat, when Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, called out to him, asking, "Why don't you go over on your own side, God d——n you, if you want to object? What business have you over on this side, anyhow?" or something to that effect.

Mr. Grow replied, quietly and coolly, saying, "This is a free hall, and I have the right to object from any part of it, when I choose." Then, in response to an appeal from Mr. Harris, of Indiana, Mr. Grow withdrew his objection, in order to permit Gen. Quitman to go on. By this time, Keitt, who seems to have supposed that he had only to look ferociously at a Northern man to wilt him—and who presumed, perhaps, upon the fact that he is a more athletic man than the gentleman from Pennsylvania—had crossed over to meet Mr. Grow. As the latter was about to pass, Keitt inquired in a ruffianly tone, "What did you mean by that answer which you gave me just now?"

"I meant precisely what I said—that this is a free hall, and I will object from whatever part of it I see fit," was Mr. Grow's reply, as he looked his assailant calmly in the face. The chivalrous and gentlemanly South Carolinian returned to the charge, saying: "I'll show you, you d—d Black Republican puppy!" Mr. Grow, still unexcited, answered, "You may think me what you please, Mr. Keitt, but let me tell you that no nigger-driver shall come up from his plantation to crack his lash about *my* ears!" "We'll see about that," said Keitt, as he caught Mr. Grow by the throat. Mr. Grow threw his assailant's hand off, and Mr. Reuben Davis, also of Mississippi, who had followed Mr. Keitt, evidently with the intention of restraining him, interposed at once for peace.

This ended the difficulty for an instant, but almost immediately Keitt broke from Mr. Davis and rushed upon Grow, seizing him again by the throat, when the latter planted a blow under the left ear of "the gentleman from South Carolina," which sprawled him fairly upon his face on the floor. Mr. Keitt picked himself up, and, after some ineffectual and random passes, left the hall and was seen no more until after the *mêlée* ended, except by some friends who sponged his bruises. I understand that he is under the impression that he *stubbed his toe*, and so fell! The mistake, certainly, is excusable, for the blow which he finally provoked from Mr. Grow's long-suffering patience was so severe that he would hardly be expected to have any very clear recollection of the circumstance.

These transactions, which take so much time to relate, were the work of a very few minutes, and all occurred on the Democratic side of the House. When the blow was struck, a dozen Southern men rushed towards the parties, some, doubtless, to keep the peace, and others to have a hand in the fight. Barksdale, of Mississippi, McQueen, of South Carolina, Craige, of North Carolina, and Reuben Davis were prominent in the scrimmage. Barksdale specifically states, and I doubt not truly, that his only object was to separate the contestants. He and other opponents seized upon Grow at once, as Keitt was already *hors du combat*. To gentlemen on the other side of the hall, it looked very much as though the gentleman from Pennsylvania was about to be cut into mince-meat, and the Anti-Lecompton men rushed over in a body to the rescue. Foremost came Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, a very athletic, compact man, who bounded into the centre of the excited group, striking right and left with tremendous vigour. Washburne, of Illinois, and his brother, of Wisconsin, also were prominent, and for a minute or two it seemed as though we were to have a Kilkenny fight on a magnificent scale. Barksdale had hold of Grow, when Potter struck him a severe blow, supposing that he was hurting that gentleman. Barksdale, turning around and supposing it was Elihu Washburne who struck him, dropped Grow, and struck out at the gentleman from Illinois. Cadwallader Washburne, perceiving the attack upon his brother, also made a dash at Mr. Barksdale, and seized him by the hair, apparently for the purpose of drawing him "into chancery" and pummelling him to greater satisfaction. Horrible to relate, Mr. Barksdale's wig came off in Cadwallader's left hand—and his right fist expended itself with tremendous force against the unresisting air. This ludicrous incident unquestionably did much towards restoring good nature subsequently—and its effect was heightened not a little by the fact that in the excitement of the occasion Barksdale restored his wig wrong side foremost.

There seemed to be very little method in the struggle, and it was hard to tell who was in for earnest, and who was trying to restore order. The Speaker yelled and rapped for order, without effect. The Sergeant-at-Arms stalked to the scene of battle, mace in hand, but his "American eagle" had no more effect than the Speaker's gavel. Owen Lovejoy, and Lamar, of Mississippi, were pawing each other at one point—each probably trying to persuade the other to be still. Mr. Mott, the gray-haired Quaker representative from Ohio, was seen going here and there in the crowd. Davis, of Mississippi, who got a severe but accidental blow from Mr. Grow, and various gentlemen sustained slight bruises and scratches. A Virginia representative, who thought Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, was about to "pitch in," laid his hand upon his arm to restrain him, and was peremptorily ordered to desist or be knocked down. Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, caught up a heavy stone-ware spittoon, with which to "brain" whoever might seem to deserve it, but fortunately did not succeed in getting far enough into the excited crowd to find an appropriate subject for his vengeance; and all over the Hall everybody was excited for the time.

Fortunately, it did not last long, and no weapons were openly displayed. When order was restored, several gentlemen were found to present an excessively tumbled and disordered appearance, but there remained little else to recall the excitement. Gentlemen of opposite parties crossed over to each other to explain their pacific dispositions, and that they got into a fight where their only purpose was to *prevent* a fight. Mutual explanations, and a hearty laugh at the ludicrous points of the drama, were followed by a quiet and a return to business. Disgraceful though all such scenes are, it must be admitted that Mr. Grow was in no degree responsible for this. He was brutally assailed, and defended himself at last only after forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. If the lesson which he impressed upon his assailant shall have the effect of restraining henceforth Mr. Keitt's exhibitions of insolence, and his offensive affectations of superiority over his equals, I don't know that the result will have been too dearly purchased. He seems to have laboured for years under the impression that a man who don't own negroes can be trodden upon with impunity, and it is to be hoped that his present discomfiture will inspire him with the respect for his colleagues which is their due.

On Monday, after the President's message was disposed of, explanations were made by Messrs. Keitt and Grow, which are thus reported:

MR. KEITT rose to a personal explanation, saying the House would remember that its proceedings during the session of Friday were broken in upon in an unpleasant manner. It was due to fair dealing that he should assume to himself all the responsibility for the violation of its order, dignity and decorum. He was the aggressor, and whatever of responsibility properly attached to that act belonged to him alone. It was also due to justice that he should make whatever reparation it was in his power to the dignity and decorum of the House thus violated. He did this in the expression of his profound regret at the occurrence. Personal collisions are always unpleasant, very seldom excusable, rarely justifiable, never in a legislative body. He felt in full force the responsibility which he assumed, in saying he was the aggressor, and that the entire responsibility properly belonged to him. In this connection he had but one other remark to make, and that was, whether any blow was directed at him or not was more than he could say; at least he was unconscious of having received it. With this explanation he parted from the subject.

MR. GROW said he had been taught in childhood that all fights among men are disgraceful to human nature, and to the Christian community, and this is especially the case when they occur among law-makers in the midst of their deliberations. Riper years, and the force of education, had satisfied him that this lesson was good and true, yet the right of self-defence he recognised as one of the inalienable rights of man, to be exercised, on all occasions and under all circumstances, whenever necessary for the protection of life or property. At the last sitting of the House he found himself unexpectedly engaged in the first personal conflict of the session. He tendered the House most cheerfully whatever apology was due for this violation of its order and decorum, and no one regretted more than himself the occasion for the violation of its order.

The Providence *Journal* says:

"Mr. Keitt 'seriously regrets' the little affair at the night session. We have no doubt of it. The depth and sincerity of his regret are exactly proportionate to the strength of Mr. Grow's arm; and every friend of decency and order, every foe of insolence and blackguardism, will be sorry that the sturdy Pennsylvanian had not given him much greater cause for regret and reflection. If anybody struck Mr. Keitt, he was not aware of it! So he said in his personal explanation yesterday. It is rather the opinion of those who looked on that somebody did strike him; but if he has any doubt on the subject, he should grab Mr. Grow by the throat again, and we think the latter will remove all possible doubt on the subject."

POLITICS.

The General Assembly of the Rhode Island Legislature has passed, by a nearly unanimous vote, resolutions instructing the Senators and Representatives of that State in Congress to oppose the Lecompton Constitution.

Resolutions denouncing the Lecompton swindle passed the lower House of the New Jersey Legislature lately, by a vote of 31 to 17. Moderate resolutions, expressive of confidence in the Administration, also passed by a vote of 31 to 21, the Democrats all voting in the affirmative.

Gov. Wise, of Virginia, has written another letter in opposition to the Lecompton swindle. The mercurial Governor hopes to compel the South to support him for the Presidency in 1860, on account of the popularity he may by this means win at the North.

It is said that Gov. Denver, of Kansas, has besought the President to recall him, and to reinstate him in his former position as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The Lecompton business is repugnant to his feelings, and, like all his predecessors, he is anxious to escape the odious responsibility imposed upon him by the Administration.

The New Hampshire election will take place on the 9th of March. The Administration, by its course on the Kansas question, has left its friends in the Granite State no chance to recover the ground they lost several years since. The Republicans will win an easy victory. The next Legislature will elect a U. S. Senator to succeed John P. Hale, who is understood to be a candidate for reëlection.

James W. Grimes, just elected U. S. Senator from Iowa, for six years from the close of the present Congress, March 3, 1859, has just retired from the office of Governor, to which he was elected in August, 1854. He is a native of New Hampshire, about fifty years of age, is a lawyer and farmer, formerly Whig and now Republican in politics, and was the first man of that political stripe ever chosen Governor of Iowa. He takes the place of George W. Jones, a Nebraska-Lecompton Democrat.

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* says:

"Robert J. Walker holds the sword of Damocles over the head of the President. He unquestionably has in his possession a private letter written to him by Mr. Buchanan, which, if it finds its way to the public eye, will make the nation blush for the down-right hypocrisy of the functionary whom it honoured with its confidence. In vindication of the course which he pursued as Governor of Kansas, and since, it is not unlikely that Walker may find it indispensable to the maintenance of his integrity to consent to the publication of this remarkable production."

We find the following in the Washington correspondence of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

"Strict party discipline may carry it (the Lecompton Constitution) through the Senate, but in the House there is a majority of four against its reception, under any and all circumstances; and yet it is said that Mr. Buchanan has declared his determination to put it through Congress in thirty days or *burst*. *These four votes may be had, as there are a number of desirable Executive appointments ready to be given out, but it will require nice party engineering.*"

How coolly does this friend and partisan of the President record his belief that he (the President) is determined to *purchase* the votes that may be necessary to carry the Lecompton swindle through the House! He does not seem even conscious that the fact he states is disgraceful to the President and to the country. To what a depth of degradation has the country arrived, when such a purpose on the part of the President, boastfully proclaimed by his own friends, excites no surprise!

The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, writing in advance of the late struggle in the House upon the reference of the President's Kansas message, indulged in this nice panegyric of the son of Henry Clay:

"The fact that Hon. J. B. Clay, of Kentucky, has the moral courage to advise and counsel with the Free State Democrats who are opposed to the Lecompton swindle confirms your correspondent's recent expression of belief that the son of Henry Clay would stand where his illustrious father would have been found—opposing, with all the powers which God has given him, the attempt to force a yoke upon the necks of an unwilling people. The spirit of the father descended upon the son, and I do not believe that he can be whipped into a line of policy the consummation of which might almost be expected to make the Sage of Ashland turn in his tomb."

Alas for the infallibility of the Washington letter-writers! Mr. Clay, when the pinch came, voted steadily with the Lecompton swindlers! His "illustrious father" would no doubt have done the same thing if he had been in his place.

Our readers in Pennsylvania may be interested in reading the following passage from the Washington correspondence of *The Independent*:

"Mr. Hickman of Pennsylvania, a Democrat of the Douglas school, opened on the Lecompton infamy in an hour's speech on Thursday. It was plain, out-spoken, pointed, and in honest old Saxon which could not be misunderstood. Members of all parties left their seats, and, crowding around, seemed determined not to lose a word. The Lecomptonites from his own State were restless and uneasy—in fact, could hardly sit still; and yet, as he reviewed the means by which the old Keystone State was carried in the Presidential election, and *the promises which were made* by himself and the party-speakers, including the leaders from all sections of the country—Secretary Cobb among the number—their flushed countenances attested its truth. His prophecy concerning the future position of Pennsylvania, in the event of the passage of the Lecompton swindle, went down like a millstone upon the spirits of his colleagues. They felt its truth. He appealed to them to save the *party*, but to save it by doing *right*, and fulfilling the solemn promises and obligations they had made to the people. In a word, it was a manly speech, and will make a powerful impression."

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Beverly Waugh, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Baltimore on Tuesday, aged 69 years.

Lucy Stone, on Monday evening last, addressed the people of Orange, N. J. (the place of her residence), upon the injustice of "Taxation without Representation." The hall was crowded and an excellent impression was made. Mr. Blackwell, her husband, also made a brief and pertinent address. Next Monday evening Mrs. Stone will speak in the same place on the Bible view of the question.

The Rev. Antoinette L. B. Blackwell, of Newark, N. J., delivered a lyceum lecture at Newport, R. I., not long since. Her subject was "The Old and the New." The Newport *News* speaks both of the lecture and the lecturer in very flattering terms. Mrs. Blackwell's friends will be glad of this indication that her retirement from the lecturing field was only temporary, and that they may hope ere long to witness her return to the pulpit and the platform.

OH, CALEB!—A correspondent in Boston, speaking, in a private letter, of the attempt of Mr. Caleb Cushing to prevent the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society from entering the State House, and the abortive malice displayed by him the next day, says:

"Oh, Caleb! what could a friend have done for the cause, compared to what thou hast done. So we are *not* to form and *re*-form those Messieurs whom we select to serve us! We thought it had been our bounden duty We thought they *expected* it at our hands!

"And a Democrat to find out that he is not to obey orders! Bless his perspicacity! But he does not realize his position, poor fellow. We are the lower millstone and the National Slave Power is the upper; and he is between. We have all of us '*learn tell*' of the quality peculiar to the former. And indeed 'Nether Millstone' deserves the name it has made itself, the world over; as he is, in this instance, experiencing."

THE LIBERTY BELL.—A few copies of this best of Annuals are for sale at this office. The specimens we have given of its contents are evidences of its average quality. As we have only a very limited number, those who wish for it had better secure it without delay.

The First Congregational Church in Farmington, Conn., Rev. Dr. Porter's, has voted to take up no collection for the American Tract Society the present year, and to substitute in its place a collection to the Church Building Fund, to assist in building churches at the West.

Summary.

It is said that Mr. James Russell Lowell is the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

E. C. Delavan, Esq., of Albany, has presented to Union College his Wheatly Cabinet of minerals and shells, valued at upward of $10,000.

FRENTICE.—A Southern exchange of the Louisville *Journal* says that the Administration has recently resolved to lay the axe at the root of the credit system. Upon this Prentice dryly remarks that it has begun by laying the axe at the root of its own credit.

SLAVES.—The Marlboro' (Md.) *Advocate* notes the sale of twenty-three slaves, owned by the late Mary Berry. One man brought $1,205; another $1,180, and still another $1,005. A woman and child sold for $1,105, a woman and three children for $1,430, and another woman and two children for $1,000.

MORE DEMAND FOR NEGROES.—The Council-General of Guadaloupe has just voted an address to the French Ministry of Marine and Colonies, praying the Imperial Government to furnish that Island with 10,000 fresh immigrants; and, with a view to pay for their introduction, has laid an additional duty on the admission of tobacco.

The State of Rhode Island, with a population of nearly 200,000, and no death penalty, had no murder committed within her borders during the year 1857. The City of New York, with about quadruple the population of Rhode Island, had not less than thirty murders. It must be borne in mind that Rhode Island has a dense population, engaged in manufactures, much of it foreign-born and uneducated.

"If this is tea, give me coffee."—*John Randolph.*

"It is only in the Southern States that the negro has found his heaven."—*Washington States, Jan. 23.*

"If this is heaven, give me ——."—*Exclamation of Cuffee on reading the States.—The Republic.*

CALHOUNITES FLEXING.—The Kansas correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"The Judges in all the precincts where frauds were committed on the 4th inst. are now in Missouri. Some of them are offering their property for sale at a great sacrifice, and will never attempt to live here again. It is also said that with one exception, *every member* of the Calhoun Constitutional Convention has fled from the Territory."

SLAVERY DISCUSSION.—The Rev. Messrs. Leonidas Bosser and George W. Carter, of the Methodist Church, addressed the people of Salem, Va., last week on the questions that divide the Church in the United States, and in defence of the Southern Church. Mr. B. spoke nine hours, and Mr. C. four and a half. Their speeches are said to have been characterized by great ability and eloquence. The Rev. B. H. Nadal ably defended the Northern Church and the Baltimore Conference.

THE FREE NEGRO BILL OF TENNESSEE.—This bill, which provides for the voluntary enslavement of free persons of colour, allows such as are at the age of eighteen years to choose their masters, the masters paying in lieu of tax one tenth of their apprized value into the County treasury. The bill passed its third reading in the House, a few days since, by yeas 62, nays 27.

A zealous Hunker member of the Assembly has given notice of an intention to introduce a bill to repeal the Personal Liberty law of last session, or chapter 8 of session laws of 1857. It is all a work of supererogation, though it may be well enough for this member to show his zeal for the patriarchal institution. But we guess it will be of no avail.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

ARREST OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—Three well-dressed and manly looking negroes were arrested at Sandoval, at the junction of the Illinois Central and Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, last week, and locked up in the Salem jail. They were supposed to be fugitive slaves. Notice of their capture being given, a man calling himself their "master" appeared, and took them in charge, as we understand, without process of law, and carried them to Missouri and bondage.—*Chicago Tribune, 25th ult.*

A SKATING FEAT.—On Thursday afternoon, a young lady and gentleman skated from Bangor to Hampden, Me., on a trial of speed. The *Whig* says: "The young gentleman had the longest legs, but the lady spread the most canvass, and, the wind being fair and fresh, she beat him by 2½ minutes, and the feat was performed in half an hour. So exhausted were the parties, however, and so strong the head wind to skate back, that they were brought to the city in a carriage."

EMANCIPATION.—A Kansas correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "I am assured by a gentleman prominently identified with the Emancipation movement in Missouri that a bill for the abolition of slavery will be introduced in the Kentucky Legislature during its present session. He states that there are two or three men in that body who have both nerve and principle to open the question; and they believe the time for doing so has come. The Emancipation cause has many able and gallant champions in Kentucky; and whenever the ball is thus set in motion, it will keep rolling until it has knocked every pin from under the 'patriarchal institution.'"

IS SKATING A HERESY?—The New York *Evening Post* treats the appearance of the venerable Dr. Allen among the skaters at Northampton as a "fall from grace." He certainly did not fall upon the ice. The *Post* says:

"What would the great Calvinistic theologian, Jonathan Edwards, say to this exhibition of agility on the part of his pupil and successor in the Northampton pulpit? Truly, what with the Dr. Allen's skating heresy, and Dr. Bellows's new notions on the drama and theatre, the clergy is getting in a bad way."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The advocates of the rights of women to vote have had a hearing before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature. Samuel E. Sewall, Mrs. Dr. Harriot K. Hunt and Wendell Phillips spoke. It is very easy to laugh at the claim, and there are a good many reasons why women should not vote—nor men either, unless they vote with more understanding than many of them do—but it is not so easy to show why women who pay taxes should not have a voice in their imposition and in their expenditure.—*Prov. Journal.*

DISOBEDIENT NEGRO SHOT IN ST. JAMES.—The *Coast Journal*, of the 17th ult., says:

"We hear that a negro of Mr. Fagot's (St. James parish) was recently shot by the brother of the assistant overseer, under the following circumstances: He was ordered by the overseer to perform some task, but his only reply was an insulting gesture.

"The brother of the overseer, upon undertaking to make him perform it, was answered by the negro's putting himself in a boxing attitude. The brother of the overseer then took up a gun and shot the negro. Immediately nine of the hands took to the woods and ran off. We report the facts as we have heard them."

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.—Hon. Erastus D. Culver, Judge of the City Court of Brooklyn, who is a member of the First Baptist Church in Brooklyn, was recently publicly rebuked from the pulpit, by Dr. Baker, the pastor, for his generous and hearty participation last fall in the campaign for Freedom. Judge Culver's family have ceased their attendance at the church, but the Judge himself is regularly in his pew every Sunday, as though he defied any man to preach him out of it, and he recently took occasion, at a church meeting, to express his views of the duty of a Christian minister in reference to great national sins.

The Portsmouth (Va.) *Transcript* of January 20, after relating two murders committed by a slave, who was finally captured in a swamp and killed, adds the following (the italicizing being our own):

"The excitement created in all that region was intense. The news spread rapidly from house to house, *and it was supposed that a general insurrection had commenced.* Messengers were sent in various directions. The people turned out in large numbers, and repaired in haste to the several points where it was supposed their services might be needed."

The Chicago *Tribune* says, "we are credibly informed that there is a Kentucky slave hunter, in search of a human chattel, stopping at one of our principal hotels. The fellow's name is Shields, who resides in Paducah, but is preparing to move to Indiana." With that purpose in view, they have been selling off their slaves, and this chattel, who is a young married woman, nearly as white as the man in pursuit of her, was designed to be sent to Texas. She preferred, however, to go in a different direction. The *Tribune* thinks the gentleman in question will consult his health and interest by paying his hotel bill and returning to the place from whence he came, as the woman cannot be taken back even if she can be found.

AFRAID OF HIM.—The Hon. Henry Winter Davis was not long since invited to deliver the next annual address before the literary societies of the Virginia University. Since the invitation was given, a terrible hubbub has been raised by certain citizens of the Old Dominion, who have discovered that Mr. Davis has some sympathy for Freedom—that he, in the last Congress, did not unite with the Pro-Slavery party with any degree of heartiness—so Mr. Davis must not deliver a

Miscellaneous Department.

MEALA AND CHRISTINE,
OR
THE POWER OF CASTE.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the French of XAVIER EYMA.

[CONCLUDED.]

There was a moment of mutual silence, during which Armand carefully scanned the features of his companion. The examination confirmed the suspicions that had already flashed across his mind. Compared with the fair skin of Christine and that of the other white females of the country, Meala's complexion betrayed a dark tinge, which had been obscured under the genial air of France, but the burning sky of the Antilles had revealed it in all its natural vigour. Other features not less characteristic now clearly revealed to Armand that Meala, as fair as she was, belonged to the class of *femmes de couleur* a title eternally preserved to them, no matter how far back their origin may be traced, or how strongly opposed outward circumstances may be to this designation.

Armand had well learned this during the week he had moved in colonial society, and now fully appreciated the emotion Meala felt, the bitter tears she shed at meeting him, and the embarrassment she manifested in his presence. She was the first, however, to break the silence.

"I knew you to be in Martinique, Monsieur," said she.

"But I was not aware that I had the pleasure of meeting you, Mademoiselle," Armand replied; "and if I had known you were here, trust me, I should have had the honour of paying you my respects ere this."

"This is language," sobbed Meala, extending her hand to Armand with a sorrowful smile, "this is language that I never expected to hear from the lips of a creole! I thank you from the depths of my heart."

"Why does it surprise you? Are you not accustomed"——

"To hear and see myself respected? No, Monsieur."

"The words of my negress, Nanette, should have been sufficient to inform you that I was not here a woman as others are. My mother died giving me birth, and I have no father, although my father lives; the name I bear is neither his nor my own. I am not called Mademoiselle Fournier in Martinique, but simply Meala, the Mulattress. You have not yet lived long enough in this country, Monsieur, to know what this epithet signifies; but I who have suffered, six long weeks, all the tortures of hell, I well understand what it means. Its meaning is this, Monsieur: that custom forbids any white person passing my door to salute me; that if any one enters this house, it is to insult me and treat me as a courtesan; that every white woman who meets me in the street scans me from head to foot, and smiles with disdain upon me, if not with contempt."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Armand, rising with indignation.

"And more, Monsieur de Puisgourdain," continued Meala; "the people of my own caste and colour, with few exceptions, hate me, and are jealous of me; the women despise and slander me, perhaps, because I am not like the most of them, a base woman; the men because they pretend that I affect an equality with the whites. In short, upon whatever side I turn, I am wounded against the sharp points of a cruel fate."

"But the brilliant education you have received in France. This intelligence, this beautiful soul, which beams from your eyes, your charms and loveliness, this elevation of feeling and sentiment—which to woman is a superb treasure—and which few here posses to the same extent as yourself—have they not secured to you respect, admiration, and love from all?"

"All this has only served to aggravate my situation. If I had resembled my own class, the white men would have respected me, and the women protected me; and the people of my caste would have treated me with attention. It is all very plain I should give offence to none.

"But, Monsieur de Puisgourdain, at this hour your horse stands at my door; it is known that your are here."

"Well, what matters it?" said Armand.

"At this instant," replied Meala, "the whole town are counting the number of minutes you are spending in my house, and"——

"I shall be the cause of calumny against you," cried Armand.

"Do not distress yourself for me," replied Meala, "but think of yourself."

"And why?"

"Because it will be told to M'lle Christine Rabilhae, and represented in such a light that it may prevent your marriage."

"My marriage?" said Armand.

"It is reported that you are engaged to M'lle Christine," replied Meala, "and that the betrothal dinner is to be in three days."

"This is disposing of me quickly, without my consent," said Armand. "But in my turn, M'lle Meala, since you have mentioned the name of Christine, permit me a question."

"I divine it and answer you," replied Meala. "M'lle Rabilhae and I have met but once, and then she turned me out of her house."

"Impossible," cried Armand, stamping the ground in a rage.

"But true, Monsieur."

"But your hearts were united by the most beautiful friendship in Paris?"

"A common misfortune had bound us together. Both of us had been sent to Paris, to receive our education; neither of us were known there; we had been committed to the care of the superintendent of the same convent; some of our school companions had interested their mothers in our cruel isolations, and they persuaded us to go into society with their daughters, through the holidays.

"Schoolmates as we were, without knowing any distinction of colour or origin, we had vowed an eternal friendship, whose links a common misfortune had joined.

"Christine left Paris first for Martinique. Two hours after my arrival, I hastened to Christine, hoping to find in her loving heart a solace for all my wrongs and the cruel fate to which I was doomed. It happened at this moment she was entertaining guests in the parlour. I ran towards her with open arms. She repelled my eager salutation, asking me to go to her chamber, where she would join me when her friends had departed."

"What baseness."

"The white girl could not receive into her house the coloured school-mate."

"Has she done nothing to atone for this heartlessness?"

"Nothing."

"Has she made no effort to see you?"

"Never."

This explained to Armand Christine's cold reserve and brief reply, the evening before, at the fête, when he spoke of Meala.

"What a stupid society here in Martinique," exclaimed Armand to himself, hastily pacing the floor. "And am I about to link my destiny with a woman whose heart is so base, whose intelligence is so limited, and whose spirit is so ungrateful."

"Indeed," added he, turning to Meala, "I have a friend, a college mate, who is *un homme de couleur*, and a magistrate at Port Royal. Am I to be debarred the privilege, when I see him, as I intend to do in two or three days, of clasping him in my arms?"

"You are lost if you do it," murmured Meala.

"I shall do it," Armand coolly replied, "for I have a grateful heart myself."

Then, seating himself by Meala's side, he took her hands in his own, and kissed them respectfully. "Meala," said he, "you have then neither friend, counsellor, nor brother in this country. Will you allow me to take the place of all these?",

The young girl buried her face in her hands; then, falling upon her knees before Armand, she murmured between her sobs a scarcely audible reply.

"Thanks, oh, many thanks; but no, I cannot permit it," added she, quietly lifting her head.

"You hazard your bright future, your proud name, your life perhaps; I cannot permit it."

"Go, leave me, M. de Puisgourdain, I will pray for you, I will be eternally grateful to you, but you must forget me."

Before Armand could detain her, Meala had fled. Turning, he found himself facing one of his friends, M. Leon de Chalons.

"I was seeking you, Armand, and, having learned you were here, I turned in."

"Who told you I was here?"

"Your horse, parbleu, which has stood at the gate full three hours. Peste! My friend, when you run after two hares, you should select good ground."

"Hush, Monsieur," replied Armand, in a tone so severe that Leon feared to utter another word. "But what do you want of me?"

"I was about to propose a Marseillaise, of which you are so fond, and where you lose with such a wonderful good grace."

"I am not in a mood to enjoy this evening, I thank you."

Armand mounted his horse and returned to the Rue de Madaline, sad and thoughtful. It was already dark.

Meala was not mistaken. Half of Saint Pierre already knew where Armand had spent his evening, and the time he remained at the house of Meala, the "mulattress." Some, jealous in case of success, others envious of his double good fortune, had reported this occurrence with wonderful additions. Armand's father and Rabilhae were the first informed of it; both seriously represented that he was scandalizing himself in visiting Meala.

To both he replied with the respect which their mutual positions demanded of him, but with the dignity which a consciousness of having done his own duty inspired.

There still remained a third person to whom he wished to explain himself; it was Christine.

As the two-fold conversation, of which we speak, took place at M. Rabilhae's, where Armand had gone instead of returning home, he could easily relieve the suspicions awakened in his mind. He approached Christine, and seated himself by her side.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "yesterday I asked you a question to which you replied only vaguely."

"What do you say, Monsieur?" said Christine.

"I rejoice to think, Mademoiselle," said Armand, "and to hope, that the ties of friendship are sacred to you. I am accustomed to judge of men, and women too, by the warmth with which they cherish gratitude of heart. When one remembers these childish affections which have thrown a blessed and beautiful light around his pathway, I conceive of that man the highest opinion. When, on the contrary, these early memories are darkened by a cloud of disrespect or forgetfulness, I confess that, in my turn, I repay this forgetfulness by contempt."

"But, Monsieur, I do not understand you," stammered the young girl, in confusion.

"You shall understand me," retorted Armand. "How have you treated M'lle Meala Fournier? How did you welcome her when she presented herself to you, the friend of her girlhood?"

"But, Monsieur ——"

"Is it, then, true that you have driven her from your house, after banishing her from your heart? But no. This is a shame and baseness, Mademoiselle, of which *you* are not guilty, I am sure."

Christine fled to the farther corner of the room, where M. de Puisgourdain and her father were conversing.

"It is then true!" murmured Armand, who bade them adieu, and departed, leaving the three spectators of this scene overwhelmed with wonder.

Armand left the house without informing either Rabilhae or his own father of the rupture between himself and Christine, which the conversation had so directly provoked. Regardless of the bitter reproaches he might expect to follow, he had exchanged the momentary attachment he had cherished for Christine to a sentiment of profound hatred—while for Meala he was conscious of an attraction which seemed to fasten back upon the inmost chords of his heart, and engage the highest energies of his nature. In short, the struggle of the few past hours had given birth to a deep and fearful love.

Early in the morning—and on foot, that nothing might betray his presence—Armand bent his steps towards the *Rue de Consolation*. Hardly had he crossed the threshold of the cottage he had left the night before, when Meala met him.

"I knew well," said she, extending her hand, "that you would come to-day."

"Meala," replied Armand, "do you accept the offer I made you yesterday? I have come to ask you to add to all these relations, I then desired to bear you, still another."

"And what?" inquired Meala.

"That of a husband," said Armand.

"Are you mad?" cried the young girl.

"No, no, never! I *cannot* permit it."

"Am I not worthy of you?"

"Great God! where should I find a nobler heart, a loftier soul, a spirit more refined?

"But do you not know that already, since you were here last night, your name, linked with mine, forms the theme of a ribald song, that is sung in every street? that at every step these odious strains will greet your ear? Do you not know that your father will die of grief? that your countrymen will heap curses upon your head? that to-morrow, this evening, in an hour, perhaps, some of them will come to demand satisfaction for this outrage done to your caste?"

"And do you wish me to be the willing instrument of dragging you into this fearful abyss? Oh! I anxiously awaited you this morning, but it was to say to you, seriously, with the calmness of reason: Armand, let us separate; let us never behold each other again! Let me endure the humiliation of my condition. As for you, resume your rank; enter again into the bosom of your caste. The many dangers awaiting you, and a destiny too cruel towards me, have placed an eternal barrier between us. Adieu, Armand, adieu!"

Meala rose to depart—to depart forever—but Armand seized her by the arm, and drew her gently, but irresistibly, again to his side. "Meala," said he, "last evening I made Christine bow her head under a weight of shame for her treatment of you. I have this morning borne all my father's cruel reproaches; I have heard along the road the ribald song of which you speak, and I am ready to accept the challenge that any of my countrymen, who think themselves outraged by my course, may offer.

"You see, then, that the dangers you dread are upon me, but do not dishearten me. Meala, it is not only because I feel for you, for your beauty, for your intelligence, a love deep and sincere, but it is because I wish to avenge an injustice which it would be unworthy in me to suffer. It now belongs to me to do it, since no one, not even he who gave you birth, will rise up and say to this society, so proud of its descent from nobility, 'This woman has a great and noble heart, her spirit is beautiful and refined, her life pure and virtuous; she is, at least, equal to Christine, whom you respect and honour, because she has a fairer skin, although she may be superior neither by birth nor origin; although inferior in soul and sentiment.' Oh! I know to what I expose myself when I thus brave prejudice stronger than ages—stronger than men's hearts. The whole world would not have had this courage—this rashness; and if I had not found you so worthy of being the rival of any who might exist, overwhelmed in this fierce storm, and struggling against an injury done to your heart, perhaps I should have bowed my head and groaned in silence; but to-day I stand upright and firm; and whoever shall dare to cross this threshold without bowing before you in respect, he shall suffer the consequences of this insult.

"You see, Meala, my resolution has been firmly taken—that I do not wish to recall it.

"Speak, decide my fate. If you think me worthy of you, I await the happiness of an assurance from your lips."

"Armand," replied the young girl, her eyes overflowing with emotion, "I know of no man in this world into whose hands I would commit my destiny with more confidence and pride than into your own. But I ask you, as a favour, live first awhile in this society; trust not too far, too soon, an affection perhaps fatal for you."

"You desire a trial, Meala? Will three months satisfy you? During this delay, I will take possession of the inheritance left by my mother, and then we will depart for France."

"Let it be so, Armand; but till then, in the name of Heaven, for your own sake, rather than mine, let us not see each other again."

"I know what I have done, Meala," added he.

A few days after, Armand, who had not been slow to perceive that his friends treated him with studied coldness, found himself in their midst, warmly discussing the absurdity of social prejudice, when, the conversation changing, Meala's name was uttered, associated with other females unworthy his protection.

"Gentlemen," said Armand "respect this name, I beg you; in uttering it, you touch the tenderest chords of my heart."

"The devil!" cried Chalons "the name of a coloured girl, your mistress; is it dishonoured at finding itself in company with the names of *our* mistresses?"

"Monsieur Chalons," replied Armand, "I demand of you to retract these words."

"Do you mean to say that you wish to hear me repeat them?" retorted Chalons.

"I understand, Monsieur; I understand you all gentlemen, you who do not interfere in this discussion; you seek a provocation."

"Here are my seconds," replied Chalons, pointing to two young creoles.

"Mine," replied Armand, "I will not select among you, gentlemen, for I see, on your part, no sympathy for my cause."

The spectators of this scene remained silent, which is rare under similar circumstances in this colonial society. It was very significant to Armand.

"But," replied he, "I know where to find seconds in this affair."

The next day, accordingly, two young men of colour, one a magistrate, the other an artillery officer, passing his furlough in Martinique, both worthy of occupying honourable rank, but under the ban of society, on account of their colour, were employed to arrange the conditions of the personal rencontre, now inevitable, between Armand and Chalons. Whatever repugnance Chalon's seconds felt at finding themselves in contact with these two men, they were obliged to conceal it.

The night before the day appointed for the duel, a scene occurred at Armand's house, quite too characteristic of creole customs, to be omitted. Towards midnight his servant announced an old negress, who desired to speak with him.

It was Meala's servant, Nanette. Entering Armand's room, she threw herself at his feet, and impulsively kissed his hands.

"Have you any message from Meala for me?" said Armand.

"Yes, master, here it is," replied Nanette, handing him a note and gold chain, to which a small cross was attached. The letter was short, but the young girl had breathed out her whole soul in it. She told him that she wore this chain around her arm, the first time she met him in Paris.

Armand pressed this treasure to his lips, and placed it on his heart.

"Have you taken your precautions before going to battle, master?" said Nanette.

"What precautions, Nanette?"

"Have you a *quimboir*?"

"What is that?" asked Armand.

"Here is one," said the old negress; "I went to Le Precheur for it, this morning, with a sorcerer, and the holy virgin has kissed it. Here, it will preserve you."

This *quimboir* or charm was simply a grain of the country, softened by remaining a long time in oil, into which the heads of pins were sunk in the form of a cross. The negroes have a firm conviction that these *quimboir* keep them from all harm. I have seen them brave the most fearful dangers insured by these supernatural protections.

"Here is my *quimboir*," replied Armand. And he showed her the cross and the gold chain that Meala had sent, for, true to the superstition of love, he had as much confidence in his charm as old Nanette in her *quimboir*. Nanette, meanwhile weeping and throwing herself at his feet, entreated him that he would insure his safety by wearing this charm; unable to succeed, Nanette departed, bearing a letter for Meala. It contained the last wishes and thoughts of Puisgourdain. * * *

The hour of the duel had arrived; the affair was similar to all those which have too often stained the soil of our colonies. The two adversaries arrived upon the ground escorted by a crowd of curious spectators. Even women and children followed with the multitude. The results of this duel might have been fatal, might have been a civil war; for now the *hommes de couleur*, grateful to Armand for having dared to defend a woman of their caste, and for selecting his seconds among them, almost made a political affair of it. They were collected in great numbers upon and around the scene of conflict.

The results of the July revolution had thrown them into a kind of commotion, and the party feeling was tumultuous and outbreaking. There only wanted a spark to kindle a wide conflagration.

The opponents were stationed—the seconds discharged their usual duties—the crack of the deadly weapons rang on the ear of the multitude. * * * *

Ten minutes thereafter, M. de Chalons expired in the arms of his seconds.

Armand, victorious, hastened to Meala. Her house was shut. From a neighbour he learned that Meala had set out, the night previous, for Port Royal.

Arrived at his own house, Armand found a letter from the young girl declaring her resolution firm to remain separated from him during the three months of trial he had himself proposed. "Whether you fall or are victorious," continued the letter, "I can never, my friend, return to Saint Pierre. Too sad a fate awaits me there. We shall see each other in France; if not, we shall meet in heaven."

Armand's first thought upon reading the letter was of rage and despair.

"Meala does not love me sincerely," he said. "It seems to me that it would have been sweet and beautiful for her to have received me triumphant, or closed my eyes in death. Ah, well! I have devoted my life to a cause in which I shall not even find the recompense due to me."

Armand departed for Le Precheur. He well knew the reception that awaited him. It was only because he wished to have the consciousness of having performed the last duty of filial respect that he was induced to go himself to inform M. de Puisgourdain that his son was still living.

"I would rather have known you were dead," replied the old man, with a Spartan stoicism, "than dishonoured."

"You ought to be satisfied, my father," replied Armand, who had well understood the double meaning of the retort, "that I am alive and have done my duty as a man of heart, and I hope as a creole."

"The disgrace is not where you would wish to place it. You are dishonoured because you have fought in behalf of a coloured girl."

"I have fought for an insulted woman, my father, without distinguishing her caste."

"But were you not ashamed to employ as your seconds, in this affair, *hommes de couleur*?"

"But," replied Armand, "I could not have found them among my caste. In their estimation, my cause was dishonourable. I selected two men of heart and courage. But come, sir—— You forget that one of them follows the same employment as yourself, the other as your father."

"Now, Armand," said Puisgourdain, "know, once for all, that this country offers no longer a home for you, and I, who have expected to die in this land, can no longer remain here, only on the condition that I publicly sunder the relations I sustain to you."

"My father," replied Armand, "your pride is stronger than the love you bear your son."

"But," said Puisgourdain, "my name was pure and spotless; you have left upon it an eternal stain; I wish only to save my reputation."

"I intend to remain here," continued Armand, "only so long as it is strictly necessary to adjust my affairs, after which I shall return to France."

"Let it be so," said the haughty Puisgourdain, and this brief response finished the conversation. Armand bade his father adieu, and departed. It was on his journey to Saint Pierre that the reader was introduced to him, at the commencement of this story.

A fearful storm was secretly gathering in Saint Pierre, which the duel between Armand and Chalons hastened to its consummation.

The *hommes de couleur*, recently admitted to the enjoyment of civil rights, of which they had been till now deprived, found that the July revolution had not done enough for them. Like every other party whom a first victory entices, they demanded still more. They demanded all they had hoped, all they had dreamed. And now an insurrection was ready to break forth, whose fury nothing could stay. I do not propose to recount here this dramatic episode. I will only relate the fate of Armand.

At the instant when the first volley of artillery flashed through the town, Armand saw his house invaded by some of the principal leaders of the party, who secretly proposed to him to place himself at the head of the rebellion. He exerted superhuman efforts, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence, to restore these men to calmness, presenting to them the future open to their hopes, to their rights; but showing, as the inevitable event of the present struggle, the victory secured to the whites, and the entire loss of the triumph which the revolution of July had already given to the *hommes de couleur*. For two hours he struggled vainly against their proposals. His house having been signalized as the headquarters of the principal leaders, who had been seen to enter there by turns, and the opinions he had advanced since his arrival, rousing the indignation of the whites, Armand soon saw his house surrounded by a company of militia and common soldiers.

The *hommes de couleur*, thus hemmed in, resolved to give a desperate combat, while Armand, with his arms folded, calmly and firmly awaited till some missile from the street should reach him. The combat could not last long; the gates were furiously burst open; and while the invaders were forcing an entrance into the house, a young girl, breathless, her hair dishevelled, rushed into their midst, calling Armand in sorrowful tones. At her cries, which pierced his heart, Armand burst every barrier. As Meala (for it was she) threw herself into his arms, a ball pierced the young creole's head.

"They have slain him!" cried Meala, "they have slain him! the wretches!"

When the officer of the militia entered the room where Armand lay, clasping to his heart the weeping Meala, the dying man, rising with great difficulty, and with a voice still full of authority, thus addressed him:

"Listen to the oath I make before I lay me down to die. I swear that this young girl is an angel of goodness and virtue—and"——

He strangled, uttered a gutteral cry, his limbs stiffened, and Armand was a corpse.

* * * * * * * *

Three weeks after, a female, in deep mourning, had knelt upon a grave, and was breathing out her heart in holy prayer. It was Meala; and the grave was Armand's. It was growing dark; the churchyard was deserted. Suddenly, quick, light steps were heard. A young girl stealthily advanced towards Meala, and lightly touched her shoulder.

"Christine!"

"Yes, it is I, Meala. I have come to tell you that in three days I shall marry a frigate captain, and on the next day I depart for France. You will remain here, and pray over this grave. Pray for us both, Meala; and here, in the presence of the dead, I ask you to forgive me. It is not I who am guilty; it is the *prejudices* of the society in which I was reared. Here is my hand; will you accept it, Meala?"

"Look at my outstretched arms, Christine."

The two young schoolmates were once more in each other's embrace, weeping. But Rabilhae's voice was heard close by, Christine gently unclasped Meala's arms and fled, waving with her hand a tender adieu. Meala knelt again upon the tomb, and resumed her prayer.

THE STAND-POINT OF PROPHECY.

THE world has always been infested with a class of stubborn skeptics, who interrupt our ease, and the quietude of our faith by criticisms, doubts, and impertinent logic or experiment. On no other subject have these doubters been more incorrigible than on the subject of *prophecy*. Many of them admit the possibility of foretelling events; they admit that men *have* lived who really predicted coming things. But they deny all such possibilities in modern times. They seem to think that the spirit of Prophecy, like the stream which Moses brought from the rock, flowed forth for special emergencies, when the race yet wandered in the wilderness of early ignorance and weakness; but that the spring long ago dried up.

Now, we have got all these gentlemen on the hip. All our skepticism is gone, and we are prepared to convert all doubters! We wish them to understand that prophecy is neither so difficult nor so uncommon as to provoke unbelief.

Judge Edmonds, of New York, is well known as an able advocate of the truth and mysteries of Modern Spiritualism. He has lately published the following remarkable paper in *The Evening Post*.

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

So many instances have occurred of a similar character to that recorded in the accompanying paper that I think it worth while to make it public, mainly for the purpose of calling the attention of others to the subject, to see if, by many and repeated observations, some discovery may not yet be made that will be ultimately of value. I have myself witnessed so many such incidents, within the last seven years, that I am beginning to place some confidence in this mode of conveying intelligence. Whether it is deserving of it, can be better determined when others shall have uttered their experience, also, on the subject, for to others it must have been manifested as well as to me.

Monday, Feb. 1, 1858. J. W. EDMONDS.

January, 1858.

My nephew, Senter Keyes, is first Assistant-Engineer on board the steamer Ariel, which sails between Havre and New York, touching at Bremen and Southampton. On her late return voyage she sailed from Southampton on the 31st of December last. She ought to have made her trip in fourteen or fifteen days, but twenty-eight days elapsed without her being heard from, and much anxiety was beginning to be felt about her fate.

On Thursday, the 28th inst., news reached by the steamer Canada that the Ariel had broken her shaft on the 6th of January, had put back and arrived at Cork on the 16th, all well, but after a very rough passage.

In the meantime she had been heard from, or rather Senter had been heard from, in this manner: Through Mrs. ——, who was on a visit to my house, Jennie, Senter's sister, who is living with me, heard from him and had communion with his spirit.

On the 24th, while Laura and Jennie were together in the bedroom, Laura saw him sitting in a chair. He then said nothing. But in a short time Mrs. —— came in and saw Senter standing at the door. He rubbed his hands and said, "By George! girls, I wish I was home, but I'm safe anyhow."

On the next day he appeared again at the same hour, and at the same place, and Mrs. —— again saw him. He said, "If the spirits can do anything, I want this test for myself. I am safe." And he told the girls to write it down.

This was about 5 p. m. here, which would be about 1 p. m. in Ireland.

On Thursday morning the 28th, before the news arrived, and before it was known that the Ariel had put into Cork, while the three girls were sitting together in their parlour, a spirit entered the room with a bundle of sticks, which he laid down by the side of Laura. He was an Irishman. At the same time Mrs. —— saw a young girl dressed all in white, who had in her hand a scroll, on which was written "Good news from Senter."

That child is known to these girls as one who is familiarly around a gentleman of Boston, and about four hours after this spirit was seen, a telegram was received from him to the same effect; the news having reached Boston from Halifax, and was immediately transmitted to Jennie by him.

It seems that for seven years this prophesying has been going on; that the cases are already *numerous*; and that shrewd and able men, such as Judge Edmonds, are beginning "to place some confidence in this mode of conveying intelligence."

Our own mind is very clear on this subject, without the checkering of a single doubt, and we heartily recommend the suggestion of the Judge—to see if something cannot be done. And that there may be no lack of suggestions, we will make some ourselves.

1. It is very desirable, in the first place, that men should try their powers, first, upon very familiar topics. The old-fashioned prophets used up all the grand themes, the history of nations, the events of empires, the progress of the human race, the future glory and victory of moral truth. It is not worth while, we think, to enter into any competition with the department of *useful* prophecies. An engineer in his red shirt, rubbing his hands and uttering the extraordinary wish that he was among the girls at home, is a fair beginning. Then an Irish spirit laying down a bundle of sticks by the side of a pretty girl is excellent. The young girl in white, with a scroll, is exceedingly good. The modesty of this whole representation is commendable. Had the prophetic spirit touched loftier themes, there had been danger. But among such materials it is safe.

2. Another propriety, which ought to be impressed upon every young aspirant for prophet-honours, is, that he should be scrupulous in keeping his secret until the event predicted or foreseen has actually happened.

By this prudent course any little obscurity in the original vision can be cleared up. When Brady has taken a splendid photograph, he does not let it go from his hands till an artist has touched it with a pencil, defining the lines, deepening some shadows, raising the lights, so that the original impression and the after-touches taken together make out an admirable thing. And prophecy and photography are, in this respect, singularly alike. All modern prophecies should be touched after the fact. Then, without doubt, many little things which the prophetic spirit forget, or carelessly left out, may be added. There are some who will carp at this process, and say that it is easy to prophesy after a thing has happened. But truth is of more importance than anything else. And every young prophet should be compelled to wait and correct his first draft-vision by a subsequent observation, that the result may have perfect truth. If Judge Edmonds's friends had published their visions a week or ten days *before* the Ariel was heard from, although a great many anxious minds might have been relieved, it would not only have enouraged a skeptical spirit in others, but would have obliged the young prophet to take all the risks of error. But by waiting patiently till all was known, and then publishing the facts, all chances of error were cut off.

The same course was judiciously pursued in the case of the steamship Arctic. After all accounts had been received, and universally read and known, there sprung up a rich harvest of prophecies, and it then appeared that sundry individuals had known all about these things long ago. But they kept their knowledge to themselves until it ripened! Then, we do not recollect a single instance of mistake.

Indeed, we firmly believe that if ten men be put to prophesying *before* the event happens, and ten other men prophesy *after* the event happens, the superiority of the latter stand-point for observation will be demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt.

We recollect several cases of lamentable failure, for the want of such precautions. Captain Franklin and his men were pronounced safe; the period of their return was foreseen, and many interesting circumstances were added. But, not waiting to correct the observations, their vanity was properly punished by the happening of things in a very different way.

The same thing occurred in the case of the late and lamented Dr. Kane. Of all the foresights published before his proper return, we do not recollect one that turned out correctly. But of all the prophesies published after his return, we do not remember a single one that would not bare the closest scrutiny. This seems conclusive as to the proper method of modern spiritualistic prophesying. We know that coffee, wine, pictures, and many other things gain credit by age. Prophecy should be added to the list.

We do not say these things from a merely exterior knowledge. We are ourselves very competent modern prophets.

There are a variety of things about which we have clear visions.

We have a number of collected prophecies by us respecting Kansas affairs, the election of Buchanan over Fremont, the arrest of Walker, the taking of Sebastopol. Our field notes on these subjects have been properly reduced, and are now in order for safe publication.

But we wish it to be publicly understood, that we have reliable information, also, on the following topics: The fate of the Kansas matters in Congress; who will be the Presidential candidates for 1860, and which one will be elected. We have clear visions, also, in respect to the whole process of laying the telegraph across the Atlantic. But the time is not yet come for telling what we know. We wish to add observation to foresight. All safe prophecy should be ballasted.

To appease curiosity, however, we will give a remarkable revelation made to us about three weeks ago respecting the launching of the Leviathan. We were sitting about ten o'clock at night looking into the blaze of a lump of cannel coal. All at once a man rose up before us, whom we knew to be Brunel the Engineer. Gazing wistfully at a huge black structure, looking for all the world like an overgrown ship, he muttered to himself—"Three cradels to one baby, and we cannot rock him after all." We also saw several immense iron cylinders, with which the workmen seemed to be pushing the sides of the ship. And one of the workmen looked at us a little askance, and, putting his finger to his nose, said in very emphatic tones, "I think these hydrostatic pumps *are confounded squirts*." We need not say that it turned out to be just so. We saw also the *result* of the launching; and after the arrival of the next steamer from England, we shall be ready to prophesy what it was! If modern prophecy will abstain from all religious topics, and will confine its vision to things which, if they do no good, will do no harm; and, above all, if it will add sight to faith, and unite to foresight a judicious afterthought, we do not see why it should be opposed, or disbelieved.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales, that lately sigh'd along the grove,
Have hush'd their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smil'd the day when the first morn arose!

CHANGES.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

Don't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbour and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions; her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by and by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight—it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong, but silent—yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug with the skeleton arms, that comes out of the mist sooner or later and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbour where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, to her ering in our pride, may never come.

So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is:

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MŒRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

Don't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbour and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions; her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by and by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight—it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong, but silent—yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug with the skeleton arms, that comes out of the mist sooner or later and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbour where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, to her ering in our pride, may never come.

So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is:

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MŒRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrals* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassack* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat—five—six—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off"! Anybody can see who is going to win—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteriod*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easy in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to de despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

——Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley, or Burns, or Wordsworth, just now, to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the "Encyclopedia," to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the anim